TEN CENTS A COPY

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Tabloid Poison

THE story of the factory women and children of the first dark days of the industrial revolution is told again in "English Women in Life and Letters," a book just published by the Oxford University Press, with a vigor that stirs the reader. England was in her great period. Waterloo has been won; she was leader of the Western world; wealth was pouring in from a world-wide trade; the red line of her colonies was pointing round the world; the Victorian empire was on the horizon; Wordsworth was celebrating nature and Byron chanting the pride of the ego, Keats and Shelley had seen beauty face to face, English country life, most delightful of existences, was stretching a back scene for a thousand English novels.

Machines had been perfected, steam had come in, coal was at a premium, hand labor was doomed and hand laborers were starving. Into the new factories the farm workers and then the women and children were being sucked from all over England. No regulation of labor, no protection, no homes prepared, no concern for physical or spiritual welfare. The squire had looked after his own in his fashion, but the factory manager was only a delegate. Foundling asylums were emptied; the pitiable children worked from six in the morning to seven at night, then huddled near the factory. Girls crawled half naked through the mine drifts pulling trains of coal. A generation of factory women grew up who had never been in a home, could not cook, sew, or keep clean. The bodies of the poor were exploited for dividends without regard to the future. Their stunted descendants, and the long desperate fight for social regeneration, not yet more than hopefully begun, are consequences evident now.

We no longer exploit the bodies of the masses—at least in America—they are too powerful. We exploit their minds.

* * *

Universal education made industrial slavery difficult, but mental slavery easy. The mind must go in leading strings at first; it cannot attain rapid independence. Standardization of knowledge, the raising of a generation that would study the same text-books, read the same news, think the same thoughts in two or three simple variations, was an inevitable step in general education. Literacy had to come before real education. So the nation became literate, and the exploiter, who always hangs upon the wings of progress, saw his golden opportunity.

The new education of the masses had made ten interests grow where one grew before without strengthening the mind that held them. New mechanical processes, new ease of transportation, new celerity of communication had made newsprint the cheapest thing in the world, and even the day laborer on train and trolley had time to read. A hurrying swarm of envies, desires, curiosities, vain hopes, morbidities, could be swayed, checked, pulled on, excited by the power of print. The crude mind could be fed now with cruder sensation, not in that vivid reality which shocks and restores, but vicariously by picture and words. That new black plague, the tabloid, began to prey upon the exploitable.

Distort the world until its news is all murder, divorce, crime, passion, and chicanery. To the poor struggling upward present the spaces above as tenanted by witless millionaires and shallow adventuresses, contemptible yet glorious in their spending. Sentimentalize everything, with cynicism just beneath. In place of the full life, or the good life, or the hard life of experience, fill the mind with a phantasmagoria where easy wealth, sordid luxury, scandal, degeneracy, and drunken folly swirl through the pages in an intoxicating vulgarity. Send the children to school to learn to read and then give them this poison liquor, and what will you get in twenty years of it?

The exploiter of the masses has let the body go and fastened upon the brain. He has his disguises, even from himself, of which the most honest is ignorance, and the least that the public must have what they want. Who made them want it? His

(*Continued on page* 591)

Two Leaping Abutilon Bushes

(Portugal)

By FLORENCE WILKINSON

THESE are two hounds whose feet are stayed by mire,
The hounds of Yzbelita who blew within the wood.
Belling they came with eyes red-rimmed for blood.

To find one in the bracken with wounds as wet as rain,
The warm raw smell of open flesh is fire within the brain,
The hounds she loved leapt back to wolves again.

Now with their spotted haunches fixed and straining,
They loll their black tongues, ever swift and never gaining,
Their glaucous throats of orchids mutely baying
To lap the lady's blood.

This Week

Roosevelt in His Writings. By *John Corbin.*

"The Art of Thought." Reviewed by *Ralph Barton Perry.*

"The House without Windows." Reviewed by *Lee Wilson Dodd.*

"I Seek the Truth." Reviewed by *Bernadotte E. Schmitt.*

"All Summer in a Day" and "Tar." Reviewed by *Arthur Colton.*

"History of Witchcraft and Demonology." Reviewed by *Foster Damon.*

"I'll Have a Fine Funeral." Reviewed by *Elmer Davis.*

"Dreads and Drolls." Reviewed by *H. Thornton Craven.*

"The Belated Reckoning." Reviewed by *Arthur Ruhl.*

Next Week, or Later

The Pretensions of American Poetry. By *James Rorty.*

All Hallows Eve *

By EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

NOTE: *The following is an extract from "The King's Henchman" as it appears in book-form, just published by the firm of Harper and Brothers. Upon the text of the book is founded the somewhat shortened book of the opera, "The King's Henchman," which has just opened at the Metropolitan Opera House, with music by Deems Taylor. In book-form this work comes under the classification of poetic drama and is, in our opinion, the most important and sustained work Miss Millay has yet given us. The drama opens in the hall of King Eadgar at Winchester. The time is the Saxon period, in the tenth century in England. The hour is "five o'clock of a morning about the end of September." A banquet is at an end. Maccus is singing to the harp. The King has determined to "send Lord Aethelwold to fetch him home his bride." This Aethelwold is foster-brother to Eadgar, a great chief and fighter, averse to women. He is to go into Devon. Eadgar is widowed and would be wed again. Aethelwold is to seek for him the daughter of the Thane of Devon. At first he is loth to go but finally pledges himself to Eadgar, and the First Act ends with his departure on his mission.*

The Second Act, from which our extract is taken, opens in a forest in Devonshire. "It is the evening of All Hallow Mass. A full moon strives to penetrate the fog." Aethelwold and his servant and friend, Maccus, have lost their way in the wood. They partake of food. Then Maccus goes off reconnoitering and Aethelwold falls asleep on the moss. Soon Aelfrida enters, with Ase, her woman. Aelfrida seeks, on this night of All Hallows, "in spell and rune . . . her lover that is to be." Ase goes out, leaving her torch, and Aelfrida sings. Then she perceives Aethelwold asleep. She bends over him. Aethelwold awakes as she steals away, and starts up with his sword ready to find an enemy. But again Aelfrida comes forth into the moonlight:

ÆTHELWOLD

[*Slowly*]

WHAT art thou?
What art thou, that hither from thy hollow hill art come
To work me woe?

Ah, and what spell is this upon me,
That I see thee through a glistering web
More softly bright
Than the silver stole of the moon?

Oh, thing unearthly fair,
What hast thou wrought upon me whiles I slept?
Whiles I slept. . . .
Ah, could I sink again into a dream I had. . . .
I think I knew thee better there.
Yea, so.
I knew thee there.

ÆLFRIDA

[*In a low voice, turning and facing him*]

Thou knewest me never, never in this world,
Nor I thee.
All this hath the moon done.
And the moon will set.
Tomorrow's sun will find me what I am,
An earthly maiden, watching the cold sea
Go out and come in.
Tomorrow's sun will find thee riding a far road,
An earthly man, light-hearted and free.

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The sound of thy horse's hooves and the creaking
of the saddle leather
Will mind thee of many things,
But never of me.
Farewell.
We shall not meet again
In any wood,
In any weather.

ÆTHELWOLD

Oh, Godes Son!
How wounding fair thou art!
The sight of thee
Is like a knife at the heart.
Of thee the sight or the sound,
The turn of thy head, thy speaking,
Is like a thing found,
To a man seeking.

ÆLFRIDA

Too bright, too bright are thine eyes!
Stare not so upon me with thy wide-open eyes!
[*She covers her face with her hands.*]

ÆTHELWOLD

Now will I learn by heart thy hands
And the wanton way of thy hair, where thou
bindest it under.
[*She takes down her hands in confusion.*]
Nay, be not wroth with me;
Nor chide mine eyes.
Two children are mine eyes before thy shining
wonder.

ÆLFRIDA

[*Catching up her cloak from the ground*]
I must be gone from here.
Farewell.
Forget thou sawst me ever.

ÆTHELWOLD

Nay—nay—and canst thou with thy summer-mouth
Utter these dry leaves?
Thou fillest the still house of my mind
With a shrill din,—
Tramping and singing, and the clashing of spear
on spear!
The doors of my mind burst open from within,
And out throng the wild words!
Forget thee—
Men do not live so long!

ÆLFRIDA

[*Faintly*]
Be still . . . be still . . .
Oh, is it sleep or death whose drowsy mouth
Draineth my heart of blood? . . .
[*She looks into his eyes.*]
Let me go . . . let me go. . . .

ÆTHELWOLD

No, no—no, no—
Thine arrowy, sweet, sweet look!
Ah, thy sweet look,
'Tis sunk to the feather in my heart. . . .
Pluck it forth! Pluck it forth! . . .
Oh, God, what aileth me?
[*He turns and leans his forehead against the trunk
of the tree by which he is standing. Presently
he turns and looks at her.*]
Thou—knowest thou aught of love, and how it
taketh a man?
Thinkest thou I am in love with thee?

ÆLFRIDA

[*Faintly*]
I would it were so. . . .

ÆTHELWOLD

[*Staring at her*]
I must be near thee or die.
[*He comes blindly toward her and takes her in his
arms.*]

ÆLFRIDA

I am lost. . . . I am swept out to sea. . . .
[*She lifts her face to his. He kisses her. They
stand for a moment embraced.*]
How thou shakest!
Art thou a-cold, my dear?

ÆTHELWOLD

Yea . . . nay . . . I know not . . .
I am a tree in a storm. . . .
[*He turns from her, clinging to her hand, and sinks
down upon a fallen tree.*]
How silken-soft thou art,—
Wonderful . . . wonderful. . . .
How camest thou thus unwounded through the
brambly wood?—
The brambly world?
Look at me: I am woven all of sedges,
Like a rush mat.

ÆLFRIDA

Not so.
[*She spreads her cloak hastily over the log and seats
herself upon it beside him. She touches his
cheek.*]
Thy cheek is brown and smooth,
Like the rind of a nut
New bursten from his burr.
I have not seen thy like.

ÆTHELWOLD

The like of thee
Sings not nor blossoms.

The wind that soughs in the sedges at the edge of
the pool
Has seen the swan go by,
So still and slow
And cool.

The bee that ferries his hoard from blossom to hive
Ere summer day be done,
Knows the sweet reek of the clover
Bruised by the wheels of the sun.

Wan ghost between
Two lights, the shadowy flutter-mouse,
Half-seeing and half-seen,
Swoops in the glimmering even;
The early star he knows,
And her cool wave upon his ribby fin.

Sweet, sweet,
Without, within,
Is the rose,
Whither the white moth steereth his sail.

Yet, ah, not wind nor bee
Nor any earthly wight
Hath seen what I see,
Nor hath any man heard from his father's father
in an old tale
The like of thee.

ÆLFRIDA

Ah, me, how frosty sweet the moonlight!

ÆTHELWOLD

Icy sweet on thy mouth of ripened haws the moon-
light. . . .
Belovèd . . . belovèd. . . .

ÆLFRIDA

Oh, darling head, shut out the moonlight from my
mouth,
And kiss me in thy shadow!

ÆTHELWOLD

Drink, drink in haste my breath,
Ere it be swallowed up by thievish Death!
[*He kisses her. Presently her head falls back
against his shoulder.*]

ÆLFRIDA

[*Drowsily*]
O moon, draw not aside thy hem from this green
moss
Ever, ever.
O droning Weird, let now thy busy spindle be at
rest,
And do thou sleep awhile,
Thy shaggy head fallen forward upon thy breast.
O deep wood, unstill with small sounds,
Be kinsman to our love.
Nor let the chilly frost with his hoar rime
Creep up, creep up upon the drowsy summer
For yet a little time.

And ye, oak and beech,
With your dark boughs outspread,
Drop not your leaves, however shrunk and sere,
Upon a lover's hand, a lover's head.
Ere we find speech
For all this ache and wonder,
Oh, gast us not with the death of the year!
[*Suddenly she puts her arms about* ÆTHELWOLD's
neck and shrinks against him.]
Ah, love, I fear a little, I fear, I fear
This fire we so recklessly kindled alone in the
woods at night!
Hungry, hungry about us on every hand
It leaps and spreads among the trees!
Far off in the deep wood the grazing stag,
With listening hoof and antlers high,
Stands now with blinded eyes ablaze,
Bewildered in its light!

I love thee so! I love thee so!
[*She takes his face in her hands and kisses him.
Then sleepily, once more, her head falls back
against his shoulder.*]

ÆTHELWOLD

Ah, could we hide us here in a cleft of the night,
And never be found!

ÆLFRIDA

Lost, lost,
Forgotten and lost,
Out of sight, out of sound!

ÆTHELWOLD

Letting the sun ride by, with his golden helmet,
And all his flashing spears and his flags out-
streaming,—
Ride by, ride by, ride by,
Shaking the ground!

ÆLFRIDA

And never be found!

ÆTHELWOLD

Letting the world ride by, jingling his pennies
And telling his beads;
Time, drawn by the snail and the hare,
Asleep in his rattling wain;
Sorrow, giving her horse his head,
Riding in the rain;
Death, bloody-spurred,
Astride his iron bird!—

ÆLFRIDA

Ride by, ride by, ride by,
And never be found!

NOTE: *The act continues with Ælfrida revealing herself as the daughter of the Thane of Devon and with Æthelwold sending Maccus back to the King with a false message that he has found the Thane's daughter "nothing fair . . . nothing for the King." He beseeches the King's blessing upon his own marriage to Ælfrida since "the Thane of Devon, the lady's father is rich in lands and kine, and whereas the Lord Æthelwold . . . sparing the King's love, hath little beside." The third act finds Ælfrida and Æthelwold married, and a sudden unexpected visit from the King leads to the tragic climax of the drama.*

Roosevelt in His Wri

By JOHN CORBIN

IT is doubtless true that a man's co
cannot pass final judgment on his greatness; but the same might be said of any subsequent generation. So far is history from being a science that, chameleon-like, it takes new colors from each passing decade, and with every epoch requires to be largely rewritten.

As to Roosevelt we of the present stand in a position peculiarly fortunate. The sound of his voice still haunts the ear of memory; the warm pressure of his hand, the eager earnestness of his interest in all grave matters, and the roll of his Jovian laughter, are still an inspiring presence. Yet already it is possible to view him through the medium of what are described (with an irony doubtless unconscious) as his "Works." More than that (the original limited edition of largely prohibitive price having been instantly exhausted), we are blessed with a "National Edition*" remarkable alike for its cheapness in a day of dear books and for its soundness in make and material. The moving record of all that he wrought is spread before the nation in approximately the same form and extent in which it will appear to posterity. The documentary materials of history mingle with the living presence as they can never do hereafter.

Fortunate also is the fact that Roosevelt was an artist in words, and in temperament possibly the most richly endowed of much-discussed "literary presidents." Only on rare occasions did the disciplined fervor of Washington kindle to adequate verbal expression—the description of the suffering of his beloved soldiers at Valley Forge; the idyllic tenderness and melancholy of his letter to Lafayette after the war. The genius of John Adams shines, though fitfully and unevenly, in his sadly neglected Diary. The child-like eagerness and wonder of Jefferson's Notes on Virginia, the searching intellect of Madison's papers in *The Federalist*, the Doric simplicity and idealism of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, illumine the slenderest of literary monuments, though the two latter are of imperishable distinction and beauty. Woodrow Wilson's Congressional Government has been not unfairly described as his "first and best book." The repute

*THE NATIONAL EDITION OF THE WORKS OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1926.

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of his polished notes to Germany and of his terse, eloquent speeches will largely depend upon ultimate judgments as to the policy of which they are so distinguished an expression.

Roosevelt was a man of letters before he was President, or even Governor. In "The Winning of the West," George Haven Putnam relates, "he was ambitious, as he told me (in 1888, at the age of thirty), to do for the record of the southwest territories of our continent what Parkman had done for the explorations and settlements of the northwest." The later chapters collided with his political career and are marred by unstudied sentences and aimless repetitions; but, by and large, Roosevelt fell no whit below his model in vast and meticulous searching of documentary sources, and he adds a breadth of view and intensity of patriotism all his own. He was in his twenties when he wrote "The Naval War of 1812," and his lives of Benton and Gouverneur Morris, the latter exemplifying the true biographer's industrious research and flexibility of mind. As scientific huntsman and explorer he would have been our leading writer and a leading spirit of the Campfire Club, President or no President. Nor in outlining his literary stature must one forget the exuberantly affectionate and rollicking "Letters to His Children." It may be that he lacked the ultimate distinction and beauty of Lincoln's style at its best, even of Washington's; yet in variety and intensity of his interests and in ability to embody them in the vitally glowing page he towers above all predecessors. The only significant comparison is with Benjamin Franklin—which is to say, with one of our few great men of letters. Of all literary statesmen they two alone had the true artist's varied contacts with life combined with a sense of humor fundamental and abiding.

* * *

Upon Roosevelt's intellectual stature, the brief decade since his retirement from the political arena, together with the assemblage of his writings, have given us a definite though perhaps still faulty perspective. Few if any of our statesmen have been [illegible]lely and deeply grounded in the history [illegible]iples of government. Only Washington, and Lincoln aided more powerfully in shaping our institutions to the advancing needs of American life. In time it may appear that Woodrow Wilson equalled or surpassed Roosevelt as a progressive. For the present it would seem that he himself frustrated our participation in the League of Nations, maiming the most interesting and potentially valuable of modern endeavors in constructive statesmanship. As for the "progressive" ideas in "The New Freedom," his most scholarly adherents find them backward-looking and singularly sterile. Roosevelt described them, in a diatribe which has yet to be successfully controverted, as belonging to the "flintlock" school of constitutional theory.

When the cause of freedom consisted in throwing off the tyranny of kings, Roosevelt said, it was true enough that "the happiest nation is that which is governed least." In the heyday of *laissez faire* individualism, it was true enough that (Wilson's phrase) "the history of liberty is a history of the limitation of governmental power, not the increase of it." In this day of vast and powerful industrial organization the individual is oppressed and powerless unless the state steps in and safeguards his rights as against corporate greed. The written word of our ancestors of the flintlock may have to be revised, but only so can their souls go marching on. At Albany Roosevelt labored long and hard to secure for men, women, and children of the factory those wholesome material conditions without which a constitutional "freedom of contract" and "due process of law" are the bitterest of mockeries. At Washington he tackled the problem of extending the power of the state over national industries. The Tariff Commission and the Federal Trade Commission, which he powerfully advocated, have not as yet borne ripened fruit. Yet no viable substitute has been found; and at least of the latter it may be said that until it functions effectively a large and growing area of our industrial life will be subject to no law, or to laws that are worse than none. To Roosevelt alone is due the fact that the Interstate Commerce Commission has received powers and has accomplished results which are approved by all but the die-hards of the flintlock school. To the legislative, executive, and judicial departments of our government, in the words of the author of The Law of Interstate Commerce, "a fourth department has been added," that of the administrative tribunal "which exercises functions of all the other three." In this work of extending the sway of the Constitution over modern, social and industrial conditions Roosevelt may already be acclaimed the great protagonist.

Less clear as yet, and probably less praiseworthy, is the outcome of another Roosevelt idea, embodied in the Progressive Party. The rock upon which that split was the Columbus speech of February 21, 1912, now printed as "A Charter of Democracy." By nature as by previous political conviction, Roosevelt was of the Federalist school. He believed that in normal times the people should be governed by the representatives they had chosen—those able, experienced, and upright leaders whom Washington called "the wise and the good." If these proved false to their trust, others in time could be elected; or, in a crisis, the will of the people could be exerted directly in the House of Representatives through the historic means of the power of the purse. If the Constitution needed revision, the means of amendment were embodied in it. In practice, as Roosevelt had found, all this takes precious years at best; experience had shown that privilege is entrenched at every approach. He was impatient—or, rather, as one suspects, his tumultuous followers overbore him. He must have known that direct or pure democracy was anathema to the constitutional fathers. In his youth he had quoted with approval Gouverneur Morris as "opposed to democracy from a regard to liberty;" and, while

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY
Author of "The King's Henchman"

he doubtless relished the ultimate upsetting of Fisher Ames's despairing prophesy that, under Jefferson, this country would be "too democratic to be free," there is abundant evidence that he accepted the implied distinction. Nevertheless he now took the short cut, declaring roundly: "I believe in pure democracy," and broke out the Progressive program of direct primaries, the initiative, referendum, and recall.

No one understood better than he the force of the objections so vigorously urged against him. His own conversion to the doctrine as faithfully traced in these "works," had been slow and painful. In the Columbus speech his statement was hedged about with qualifications. As to the judges he proposed the recall, not of the man but of the decision; and he skilfully urged the example of Lincoln in the Dred Scott case. Thereafter he bent every power of his mind to show that the means he proposed would not impair the Constitution in any essential. The recall of judicial decisions became only a "review" of them. It is altogether probable that, under his leadership, no permanent harm would have resulted—possibly much good; for the need of reform was, and still is, manifest and urgent. Yet his dominant attitude was that of the embattled moralist, the wielder of the big stick against an essential principle of the Constitution; so that, as the campaign thundered forward, his subtle distinctions counted for little. Many of the wisest among his admirers sadly turned away. Then, at Chicago, the Republican managers added one more to their swelling tyrannies and frustrated the will of the rank and file of the party, which was overwhelmingly for his nomination. The Bull Moose was at bay; but from that moment he knew he was beaten—though this does not appear in his works. We see only the fighting candidate who—even, as at Milwaukee, with a bullet in his side—was light-hearted and jocular, riding the moral whirlwind and directing the political storm.

Few of those who really knew Roosevelt will charge him with insincerity. But the charge is to be avoided only by admitting a certain defect in his mental equipment. Characteristically his mind worked by the method of comparison, not of causation. With the vividness of genius he saw both sides of a question—or, rather, of a situation; for he was intensely human and dramatic to the verge of melodrama. This mental two-sidedness is somewhat painfully evident in his repeated use of such locutions as "On the other hand"—and "Yet we must remember that—." If he had had the power of fundamental analysis, of thinking from basic principles, he would have been more effective in construction; for it is only by knowing the value of each pier and buttress that the durable edifice is raised.

The difference between Federalist and Democrat he saw mainly as a contrast. Jefferson said, and historians have repeated with damnable iteration, that the Federalists failed because they "did not trust the American people." The phrase is characteristically loose. Some of them were overbearing, but not Washington nor even John Adams when it came to essentials. The causes of the Federalist failure were too complex and far-reaching to be comprehended in a phrase or in a paragraph. Roosevelt denounced Jefferson's addiction to phrases as he denounced his personal foibles and his lack of robust leadership; but under the stimulus of the Progressive movement he did not pause for analysis. He took over this phrase and repeated it endlessly. The picture paints itself. The Republican machine was repeating the age-old error in a form peculiarly vicious. Well then, he and his would "trust the people." Those who knew him best report that in his last years he was disillusioned, quite—but possibly not illumined. It was enough for him that, in actual practice, remedies he had stood for "didn't work." Especially he is said to have felt or confessed his error as to judicial decisions—adding, with his unfailing distinction between his private and his public character, "but you know if you quote me I'll deny it!"

What Jefferson trusted in was not merely the American people but also their gullible prejudices—as witness the success of his cry that the party of Washington and Adams were "Monocrats" and "Anglomen," bent on saddling us with a monarchic constitution. Roosevelt, except for occasional melodramatic excesses and this one will o' the wisp of pure democracy, relied on the virtue and strength of our people as clearly and confidently as did Washington. The moral of the Progressive episode seems to be that in this matter of pure democracy the people do not trust themselves, and that they do trust, in the long run, their constitutionally chosen representatives.

This is the one serious error in Roosevelt's political thinking. But was its sequel as clearly an error in political conduct? If he had allowed himself to be flattened out at Chicago by the Republican steam roller, it seems certain that he would have arisen in 1916 to be our wartime President. Yet he would have been something less than the indomitable champion of righteousness, the great protagonist of "the heroic mood."

Tabloid Poison

(*Continued from page* 589)

balance sheet is his only justification. Is that enough?

In the last war there were regiments of poor stunted devils, syphilitic, tubercular, crooked in body, incapable of anything but menial work and the kind of fighting where hopeless endurance counts. They were the grandchildren of the factory slaves. What will the grandchildren of the tabloid readers be like? Healthy of body perhaps, for this exploitation is by flattery; not poor, not oppressed, for it is their economic power which makes them exploitable; but in emotions, ideals, intelligence, either wrought into fantastic shapes or burnt out altogether. Soiled minds, rotten before they are ripe.

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Applied Psychology

THE ART OF THOUGHT. By GRAHAM WALLAS. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1926. $2.75.

Reviewed by RALPH BARTON PERRY
Harvard University

THE present book is a sequel to the author's "Human Nature in Politics," "The Great Society," and "Our Social Heritage." The series is devoted to the application of psychology to social problems, and is based on the belief that the development of modern psychology should enable man to conduct his political and educational affairs more artfully because more scientifically. Professor Wallas's books commend themselves especially to American readers because America may be said to be peculiarly the centre of both the scientific method in psychology and the cult of its application.

The author's first book, "Human Nature in Politics," was like McDougall's "Social Psychology," an attack upon the traditional view that men act rationally. In his second book he confessed the belief that thought, although its rôle had been exaggerated, did somehow belong in the picture, and as though to compensate for his original disparagement of it, he has been emphasizing the rôle of thought ever since. In "The Great Society" he gave special attention to collective and organized thinking; in "Our Social Heritage," he dealt with the importance of traditional beliefs; and in the present volume he investigates the art of thought with reference to its "less conscious factors." His hope is to free modern life from the defect of having "increased [their] power over nature without increasing the control of that power by thought."

We must learn how successful thinkers think, in order to teach people how to think successfully. Knowing the cause we may exercise control. An examination of the behavior and self-observation of great scientists, such as Helmholtz and Henri Poincaré, reveals four main stages of thought, which the author names "Preparation," "Incubation," "Illumination," and "Verification." Preparation embraces the initial attack upon the problem, the gathering of information and the adoption of a method. Incubation involves a relaxation of mental effort and the maturing effect of time. The author recommends physical exercise and the avoidance of passive reading. Illumination signifies the final "flash" or "click" of insight. It cannot be produced by an act of will, but it may be encouraged by dwelling on the "fringe-consciousness"—or the feeling of "intimation," and by guarding against the danger of untimely interruption. Verification is the final checking up of one's results by the same sort of voluntary activity as that employed in Preparation. British thought is distinguished by its reliance on the relatively unconscious processes of Incubation and Illumination, French thought by its emphasis on the rational processes of Preparation and Verification. American thought, hitherto preoccupied with achievement and with moralizing (the effects of the frontier and of Puritanism) may in the future be looked to for a greater recognition of the creative processes, and for the application of psychology to their promotion. The author's discussion of "dissociation" provides a wholesome antidote to the extremes of Freudianism, and to the growing disposition in religious circles to take the mystical experience at its face value, without intellectual discipline. The chapter on "The Thinker at School" contains an effective and timely criticism of the tendency among votaries of the "new" method in education to neglect the importance of "prolonged effort," and to overlook that "second wind" which in the intellectual, as in the physical life, comes only after one has endured a primary fatigue.

The present book contains a valuable restatement of available opinion on the psychology of thought. If it seems somewhat inconclusive that is because of the present discrepancy between what psychology has to offer and what the wise conduct of life demands. Professor Wallas has inperfectly realized an admirable purpose. The very failure of the book testifies to the urgency of its problems. If the book suffers somewhat in comparison with the author's previous books, it is because his own reservoir of personal experience has begun to run dry. Having himself participated in politics and government, and having a shrewd power of observation and a retentive memory, his books have hitherto abounded in wit and empiricism. The present book is drawn more largely from other books. In its relatively academic flavor one misses that freshness of view and directness of statement that have hitherto distinguished Graham Wallas as the leading amateur among English-speaking psychologists.

In Arcady

THE HOUSE WITHOUT WINDOWS. By BARBARA NEWHALL FOLLETT. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1927. $2.

Reviewed by LEE WILSON DODD

THIS strange, delightful, and lovely book was written by a little girl as a present for her mother. When Barbara Follett has a birthday, she always gives her mother a present. Unhappily, one cannot commend this gentle custom to other children, since it loses all charm if not originally thought of by the giver. Barbara thought of it and adopted it; and when she was nine, she decided that on her tenth birthday she would make her mother a special present. So she set to work on her own typewriter and wrote down the story of Eepersip's life in the House Without Windows. Fire destroyed this first manuscript in a jealous house *with* windows which, as I am convinced, burned itself to the ground out of sheer malice. That, I submit, would have settled the matter for most children—and for most adult authors, too. But Barbara (as Carlyle did, after John Stuart Mill's famous housemaid incinerated the first draft of "The French Revolution") set to work again. It is a second draft of Eepersip's story, completed when Barbara was twelve, which is now before us.

If I mention these circumstances, it is because they are interesting in themselves, and not because I am soliciting grown-up indulgence for a fanciful story by a precocious child. In the first place, it is the contention of Barbara's parents that she is not precocious. They believe her imagination to be that of a normal child of her years (granted her upbringing) and her extraordinary ability to record her imaginings in artistic prose to be due to the system of home-education which they devised for her and put in practise from her birth. In the words of her father:

> She is not excessively gregarious and has not been regimented in schools and groups: therefore nothing has as yet standardized her, or ironed out her spontaneity, or made her particularly ashamed of it. She has been given plenty of time to know herself. And, almost above all, having used a typewriter as a plaything from a time she can't remember, she was able to rattle off an easy 1,200 words an hour, without awareness of the physical process, years before penmanship could have developed half the proficiency, even with intense concentration on the physical process alone.

Well, it may be so . . . though I am not at all convinced that "The House Without Windows" can be attributed to any system but the mysterious system of Nature. However, I am not going to argue my way into the thorny thickets of "child psychology." All I care about as a critic is that Barbara is somehow Barbara, and that her book, being beautiful, is its own excuse for being.

This book, as you have gathered, tells of Eepersip—who is the small daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eigleen. They all lived in "a little brown shingled cottage on one of the foothills of Mount Varcrobis," yet Eepersip was "rather lonely." Her parents, advised by Eepersip, made for her "the most beautiful garden that was ever seen." They were satisfactory parents, and Eepersip loved them, no doubt, in her own detached way. "But she was not a child who could be contented easily . . . " So she packed a small lunch-basket and ran away to an open glade on the upper slopes of Mount Varcrobis, and the first things she saw in the glade were "a doe and her daisied fawn . . . " Be astute enough to pause over that *daisied* fawn! In literature, as distinguished from the mass-production of books, it is the happy gift for putting things like that ("sea-shouldering whales," for instance) that makes all the difference. Literature is any form of composition in which things are called by their right—that is, their essential—names. Barbara knows this quite well. For example, she points out later on that the Brunio twins were rather stupid because "they called their white kitten 'White,' for her colour." You see, "Eepersip thought the kitten was an exceptionally late bit of snow left on the grass." And there is another glimpse of this unhappily named kitten which I prize. "Well, White didn't care much about being left in the dewy grass, *bewilderedly shaking first one paw, then another.*" If you have ever owned or observed a kitten, that bit of description should give you the greatest confidence in Barbara's artistic integrity.

The story of Eepersip is, if Barbara will forgive my stuffiness, a *conte philosophique*, and doubtless the only one ever written from the standpoint of an unspoiled childhood. It tells of one little girl's escape from the tiresome world of grown-up mechanisms and compromises. Eepersip went outdoors and stayed there. She made friends with the doe and her daisied fawn, with a chipmunk, with grass and clouds and trees and the waves of the sea. This, obviously, was *her* world and she saw no reason why she should be asked to give it up. To submit to recapture was unthinkable. Heaven knows, poor Mr. and Mrs. Eigleen, with the help of the Ikkisfields (delightful people, who, when nobody in their village cared much for them, decided to go elsewhere!), did their best to entrap Eepersip again so that they might teach her all the silly, civilizing things the rest of us have learned to our cost! But they were no match for Eepersip and her newfound friends.

> When the sun had dried the raindrops and the dew, the families started out to the great field to see what they could discover. The first thing they saw when they got to the edge of the slope was Eepersip skipping around. Then they saw her dance off to the woods and gather some long green branches and blossoms. Very soon she came back to the field, went over to a sleeping doe, and crowned her with the branches; upon which the doe got up and licked Eepersip's cheek. She danced about in her delight. She was so beautiful, so graceful, that when her parents saw her they were amazed at the way in which her dancing and leaping had improved.

The Eigleens and Ikkisfields did indeed on one occasion get hold of Eepersip.

> But what could they do with her? How could they keep her securely? And, even so, if she was going to continue acting wildly, how much better off were they with her? This was a new question, which no one had thought of. But they decided that, if they could keep her safely, she would become tame and civilized again.

Happily, however, they were mistaken, though they locked her up in their house with windows.

"Eepersip could not go to sleep; she sat on the floor, whining softly in her misery. One of the bucks knocked gently on the glass door with his antler. . . . The sound of breaking glass reached the ears of Mr. Ikkisfield. . . . 'Get up! get up! Sounds like high doings out there!'—Eepersip, on the little fawn's back, had vanished toward the field." So, naturally, "The families, after that adventure, were desperate; and they decided not to make any more plans just then. . . ."

A wise decision, for no plans could have availed them. Eepersip was not as other little girls. She was destined, in the House Without Windows, to fulfil her mystical initiation. Little by little a deep magic is wrought within her. She passes from her meadow to the sea, from the sea to the lifting mountains. And one day she knew that she "was even happier than usual."

> And, when the sun again tinged the sky with color, a flock of butterflies, purple and gold and green, came swooping and alighted on her head in a circle, the largest in front. Others came in myriads and covered her dress with delicate wing-touches. Eepersip held out her arms a moment. A gold-and-black one alighted on each wrist. And then—she rose into the air, and, hovering an instant over a great laurel-bush, vanished. . . She would be invisible for ever to all mortals, save those few who have minds to believe, eyes to see.

This is very beautiful writing. But there are moments when, for one reader, this book grows almost unbearably beautiful. It becomes an ache in his throat. Weary middle-age and the clear delicacy of a dawn-Utopia, beckoning. . . The contrast sharpens to pain. One closes the book and shuffles about doggedly till one finds the evening paper and smudges down to one's element—that smudged machine-record of what man has made of man. Of man—and therefore of childhood! The dyer's hand—subdued to what it works in. . . But need it be? Surely, in the words of another Eepersip who escaped: *"Water is taught by thirst."*

The Saturday Review of Literature

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War Guilt

I SEEK THE TRUTH: A BOOK ON RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE WAR. By the Ex-Crown Prince William of Germany. Translated from the German by Ralph Butler. New York: J. H. Sears & Company. 1926. $4.

By Bernadotte E. Schmitt
University of Chicago

THE discussion of repsonsibility for the Great War is no longer reserved to politicians and historians. The former German Emperor made some observations on the subject in his memoirs, and now his son has entered the lists. Probably the immediate purpose is to vindicate the fallen dynasty in the eyes of the German people, who held the Crown Prince in high esteem before the war and have shown little animosity towards him since the revolution. But in the outside world the royal author always passed for an apostle of militarism, and he can scarcely have imagined that his book would be accepted abroad as an unprejudiced account. His book: it is of course quite possible that the Prince really wrote it; but from beginning to end it reads like the work of some foreign expert who is accustomed to handling diplomatic documents and can argue points in the professional jargon.

The volume is best described as a lawyer's brief in reply to the accusation contained in the famous Article 231 of the Treaty of Versailles, which is interpreted to mean that Germany was solely responsible for the war and that she intentionally provoked it. Of course, few students now accept either of these propositions, so that in a sense the Crown Prince is flogging a dead horse; but as long as the article is allowed to stand in the Treaty Germans will continue to protest against it. Prince William, however, is not content with this; as a soldier he believes in the doctrine of the offensive-defensive. Accordingly he not only denies that Germany is guilty, but throws the responsibility directly upon Russia and France. The "revisionist" theory is, in short, developed with little or no reservation.

rst of all, it must be shown that Prussia was to blame for the war of 1870. So "the as-on that Bismarck was behind the candidature of Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern for the Spanish throne" is declared to be "at variance with plain historical facts;" his edited version of the Ems telegram gave an "entirely correct" picture of what had happened; the policy of Napoleon III had the "support of the whole of the French people." The Crown Prince should read what the German historian, Alfred Stern, in the last volume of his great "Geschichte Europas" has to say about Bismarck's share in bringing on the war. It is also argued that France declared war because of King William's refusal at Ems to give the guarantees demanded; whereas in fact the French Government had decided to accept the King's assurances as satisfactory and resolved on war only after the publication of the Ems telegram.

* * *

For the main body of his argument the Crown Prince adopts the method of attacking the assertions of two French writers, MM. Emile Bourgeois and Georges Pagès, whose "Origines et Responsabilitiés de la Grande Guerre" may be regarded as a semi-official statement of the French case, for it was first presented as a report to the French Senate. They contend that from 1871 to 1914 German policy aimed at the hegemony of Europe; that Bismarck would not have hesitated to use force to achieve his object and that William II deliberately resorted to war for that purpose. All this, and the innocence of France, they establish, to their own satisfaction, with the aid of unpublished correspondence from the archives of the Quai d'Orsay. The Crown Prince proceeds to confute them, to his satisfaction, by liberal quotations from the documents of the Wilhelmstrasse recently published under the title of "Die Grosse Politik der Europäischen Kabinette." An engaging picture! As if what German diplomatists thought about French policy is any more convincing than what French ambassadors reported about German ambitions. But he is on sound ground when he analyzes German policy on the basis of German documents, and he has no trouble in showing up the exaggerations and contradictions of MM. Bourgeois and Pagès. On many points he makes out a strong case which historians will probably accept.

Nevertheless one frequently feels that Prince William doth protest too much. Thus his efforts to exculpate Bismarck for the "war scare" of 1875 and the Schnaebele incident of 1887 will not altogether satisfy those who have probed those difficult and complicated questions. He prefers not to discuss the wisdom of Prince Bülow's Moroccan policy, as if that policy did not profoundly affect the conduct of France in later years. He states that "neither the Emperor nor the Chancellor wanted territorial acquisitions in Morocco." The Emperor certainly did not, and told King Alfonso so—much to the disgust of the German foreign office which certainly did desire a share of Morocco ("Grosse Politik," vol. 17, nos. 5200, 5209; vol. 20, no. 6481); in March 1905, Bülow instructed his representative in Tangier that Germany's policy was "to keep the future open" ("Grosse Politik," vol. 20, np. 6582). We are also asked to believe that it was the French army law of 1872 which "began the competition in armaments of the European peoples after 1871." Most persons would say that it was the maintenance by Germany of her principle of conscription which forced her neighbors to follow her example.

* * *

It is hardly necessary to remark that the Crown Prince attributes the worst motives to the diplomatic group ranged against Germany. For France the alliance with Russia "had never been anything else but a means of enabling her to seize the first opportunity" for recovering Alsace-Lorraine: strangely enough the language of the treaty provides for a strictly defensive alliance. "The Triple Entente wanted a peace which restricted the freedom of Germany's movements;" it is curious then that the Entente should accept the Bagdad Railway (incidentally, the Crown Prince never discusses Germany's Near Eastern policy), and that Great Britain should be accommodating about African territories in the agreement of June, 1914. Throughout, the *leitmotiv* is that "all the Great Powers except Germany had desires which could only be satisfied by war." This admits a good deal about Germany's allies, and the Crown Prince tries to repudiate Germany's responsibility for those clauses of the Triple Alliance which sanctioned sinister Italian ambitions at the expense of France by saying that they were added in 1887 "not for the sake of German interests at all, but in the interests of Italy." This is not altogether true, for Italy refused to renew the alliance without them, and the existing situation in European politics made the renewal desirable in the interests of Germany and Austria. Similarly the reasoning to prove, anent the German Emperor's efforts during the Russo-Japanese war to organize a Continental coalition, that "the position of Great Britain in the world would not have been shaken by such a coalition," seems decidedly specious.

The last chapters set forth the now familiar charge of Izvolski and M. Poincaré plotting for war, and the great crisis of 1914 is treated as the *dénouement* of the grand conspiracy. The Crown Prince says that he need not "give proofs of the fact that the German Emperor and the German Government, or for that matter the German people, endeavored during July, 1914, to prevent and not to provoke war." It might be difficult to do so; unless one is prepared to ignore, as the Crown Prince does, such little matters as the Potsdam consultations, the encouragement to Austria to go ahead recklessly, the refusal for many days of many proposals for mediation, the ultimatum to Belgium drafted before any declaration of war. It is very convenient to pass over these things and concentrate on Germany's belated efforts to restrain Austria, and to denounce the Russian mobilization without mentioning in connection with it the Austrian declaration of war against Serbia. But such a method of dealing with tragic events creates in the minds of well-informed readers, not a conviction of Germany's innocence, but a feeling that the writer is either insincere or incompetent.

There is no little merit in this book, parts of which are honestly and convincingly written. But it exhibits in full measure that incapacity to see the other side which distinguished German diplomacy before and during the war; it omits anything and everything not favorable to Germany; it attempts to prove not only that Germany was not solely responsible for the war, but that she was not responsible at all. One wonders when the Germans will recognize that such tactics only defeat themselves, for they simply postpone the revision of the verdict of unique German responsibility. The French and the British will not, and in good conscience cannot, admit that they and the Russians bear all the blame. From the diplomatic point of view, the war arose from the conflict of alliances, and it was Germany who inaugurated the system. (The methods of German diplomacy caused everywhere suspicion and sometimes fear.) Nationalism, which in the opinion of many was the ultimate cause, was as strong in Germany as elsewhere. Without German support Austria's provocative Balkan policy could never have been undertaken. The Germans have a case for revision, and a good one, but if, by overstating it, they insist upon a whitewashing, they are chasing a shadow.

Reminiscences

ALL SUMMER IN A DAY: An Autobiographical Fantasia. By Sacheverell Sitwell. New York. George H. Doran. 1926. $3.50.

TAR, A MID-WESTERN CHILDHOOD. By Sherwood Anderson. New York. Boni and Liveright. 1926. $3.

Reviewed by Arthur Colton

MISS REBECCA WEST in a recent review of Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell's "All Summer in a Day" assures us that "neither the importance of the Sitwells as a group nor of Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell as an individual can well be exaggerated,—they are among the few illuminants England possesses—the legatees of perhaps the most glorious group that English life has produced, the Whig aristocracy of the eighteenth century, the society that received Voltaire."

Personally I am unable to see this luminous importance. Miss West's own writings seem to me of more interest than those of any of the Sitwells. Her reference to the inheritance of "a graceful intellectual carriage" from ancestors among the early Whig aristocracy is unintentionally helpful, for it suggests that the vogue of the Sitwells in London is perhaps as much social as literary. One is tempted to imagine with what brutal couplet the literary idol of the same Whig aristocracy, that spitfire of poetry, Alexander Pope, might have caricatured "the graceful intellectual carriage" of its legatees. It was after all a plain spoken and forthright generation of very little patience with preciosity.

* * *

Taken merely as a "stunt," an experiment in the fashion of Marcel Proust, "All Summer in a Day" is of course a clever piece of work. There are even two figures in it, elderly people, Colonel Fahmstock and Miss Morgan, lifted into more or less definite visibility to remind one of the unforgettable Swan and Charlus and the De Guermentes. The creations of Proust seem to stand out the more sharply for the sinuous, shifting background of the story and the style. His workmanship is marvellous, but one wonders if it is not perhaps a disastrous thing to imitate. In the Proustian recovery of childhood, the child's mind and that of the sophisticated searcher "du temps perdu" are somehow blended. But with Mr. Sitwell they seem less blended than confused. If one reaches the end with the impression that it is rather a dull book, the dulness may perhaps be one's own; or perhaps Mr. Sitwell's mind is not yet—he is only, I believe, twenty-five—creative enough to write the book he intended. His attitude seems a little self conscious, as if he were saying *sotto voce* "See how much and how beautifully I can write about almost nothing." But the beauty is not extraordinary and the substance is extremely thin.

All this sounds irritated, and it is not nice to show one's irritation. I was reading two other reminiscent books at about the same time, Mr. Llewelyn Powys's "Verdict of Bridlegoose" and Mr. Sherwood Anderson's "Tar;" and found Mr. Sitwell wearisome, Mr. Powys quite the reverse, and Mr. Anderson less interesting than in his "Note Book," published about a year ago. The two latter are plain spoken and forthright men, whose lives have been varied and reaching down near the bedrocks of human experience. Probably they indispose one to appreciate Mr. Sitwell's tenuous technique.

It is not impossible to become irritated also with Mr. Anderson's persistently jerky sentences, with his unselected colloquialism, and even with the dragging in of more unsavory detail than seems to have any value. But such a chapter in "Tar" as the death in the forest of old Mrs. Grimes is too much for petulance. It may not be good style, and yet the casual manner of it has something to do with its eventual

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power. The characters of Tar's mother and sister are drawn with few lines, two or three incidents and some passing comments, but they are, as vital, as indelible, and true, as the portrait of Tar's father which is drawn at length and returned to again and again.

"Truth," says Mr. Anderson in his "Foreward," speaking of the autobiographical element in "Tar," "Truth is impossible to me." It was always so. He never could tell it. As a small boy, if he saw a cow it would become a bear before he could get home with the recollection.

I do not remember the face of my own father. My wife is in the next room but I do not remember what she looks like. My wife is to me an idea; my mother, my sons, are ideas. My fancy is a wall between myself and truth. There is a world of fancy into which I constantly plunge and out of which I seldom completely emerge. I want every day to be absorbingly interesting and exciting to me, and if it will not, I, with my fancy, try to make it so. If you, a stranger, come into my presence, there is a chance that for a moment I shall see you as you are, but in another moment you will be lost. You say something and I am off.

He was born a teller of tales and all such are liars.

There is enough of this in most of us for a recognition of its truth. But the degree in which Mr. Anderson finds himself controlled by their tyrannous faculty—he calls it "a disease"—is perhaps why we have come to see in him a man quite apart from other (so called) "middle western realists."

The Dark Ages Revived

THE HISTORY OF WITCHCRAFT AND DEMONOLOGY. By MONTAGUE SUMMERS. (The History of Civilization.) New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1926.

Reviewed by S. FOSTER DAMON

THIS book is particularly difficult to discuss as it is written from the theological, rather than the historical or scientific, point of view. The Reverend Montague Summers plants the banner of his Church, opens his artillery of Church Fathers, and defies attack. Anything they believed, he believes. Anything that confirms them must be true; anything that imperils their position is hardly to be mentioned; such seems to be his sole standard of reliability. Consequently, old ballad or early drama, *symboliste* novel and post-Eliphaz-Levi reveries are gravely cited as sound evidence.

The result is that the author accepts all the ancient superstitions, not as an enlightened psychiatrist, but absolutely according to the wildest beliefs of the past centuries. He swallows even the traditional broomsticks, supporting his belief with instances of the recorded levitations of mediums and saints. Satanists and their Black Masses apparently are as real to him as the Red or Catholic Menaces to various sectors of our enlightened country. Sabbats still take place, we are told in terrified whispers.

* * *

As a history, then, this book is pure propaganda. The turning-point and death of the tale of witchcraft goes unmentioned; partly because the author takes the stand that there was no turning point, and partly, one suspects, because it was entirely Protestant. We refer to the Salem scare. After the customary panic, the populace came to its senses in a sufficiently dramatic way to turn the tide in Europe. Cotton Mather's rejection of "spectral evidence," a threatened law-suit, the public repentance of Judge Sewall and his jury, Calef's book,—all these woke New England from the delusion; and New England's action came just at the psychological moment for Europe to accept the new attitude. Yet Salem does not even appear in the Reverend Summers's index!

Under the heading of "Diabolic Possession" we hear of the horrors of Spiritism. A characteristic sentence reads: "That Spiritism opens the door to demoniac possession, so often classed as lunacy, is generally acknowledged by all save the prejudiced and superstitious." The Reverend Doctor never argues questions; he always dismisses them as long since settled, with a few more words of pitying but unsparing contempt for his opponents.

Consequently one must feel that this book, for all its enormous bibliography, is ill-digested and prejudiced, and even dangerous insofar as it tends to reëstablish superstitions and evil practices long since out of fashion.

The Road to Success

I'LL HAVE A FINE FUNERAL. By PIERRE DE LA MAZIÈRE. Translated by Jacques Le Clereq. New York: Brentano's. 1927. $2.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

"I HAVE been young and now am old," said the Psalmist, "yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, or his seed begging bread;" thereby demonstrating a capacity for selective vision that would have qualified him to write a book on the benefits of the Eighteenth Amendment. Mr. Pierre de la Mazière (the accent is not guaranteed, for the publishers print it alternately grave and acute to avoid invidious discriminations) seems to hold that the righteous is always forsaken and that wickedness is the sure road to prosperity. It is a little difficult for some of us to find in the universe evidence of that ordered purpose which is implied by either of these views; but Mr. de la Mazière's doctoring of the evidence does not greatly matter unless you choose, somewhat needlessly, to regard his novel as a political-economic pamphlet.

Read merely as one man's story it has a burning nervous effectiveness, materially assisted by Mr. Jacques Le Clercq's smooth and racy translation. The narrator was left an orphan at fifteen by poor but honest parents who had taught him to be modest, industrious, and frugal, to do always a little more than the boss expected. These virtues, so admired of Mr. John Wanamaker and others, he practised dutifully for twenty-five years, first as a furniture dealer's delivery boy, then as a bank clerk. What he learned in this period was that to get anywhere you must "go in the right door;" with the further corollary, independently discovered already by Mr. Ford Madox Ford, that some do and some do not.

For all around him he saw stupid men, incompetent men, dishonest men, succeeding where virtue and industry obtained no reward; till at last a glimpse of the magnificent funeral of an ex-Premier who notoriously owed his riches to the Panama scandal made him forget the principles learned at his mother's knee, and look for his own chance. It came; he stole fifty thousand francs; he speculated with it, more successfully than the embezzlers one reads about in the papers, but his success is explained quite satisfactorily. It would be unfair to the author to give away the last few steps of our hero's rise to the top, but it may be said that he consolidated his success by cashing in on the discovery that the insiders, whatever their quarrels among themselves, generally stand together against the outsiders.

Possibly the author thought (as do, evidently, some of his admirers) that he was drawing up an indictment of capitalist society. Certainly his account of French political and business morality as rotten through and through must be uncomfortable reading for the patriot. But his polemic is more effective against the virtues of the petite bourgeoisie than the vices of the haute bourgeoisie. Our hero was born, or at any rate educated by his meek parents, with a slave mentality; he thought duty and industry alone were sufficient to bring material reward. One might suppose that observation would have led him to doubt this in a much shorter period than twenty-five years. As for the star witness in his prosecution of the social order, Auguste Fourest, the brilliant man who remained a poorly paid bank clerk—why, Fourest had the bad luck to be working for one of those great organizations which are so successful that they regard success as automatic and have a prejudice against promotions from the ranks. There are plenty of them, and plenty of others. Even in the more crowded European societies where opportunity is less frequent than here, such a man could be kept down only by his own shortcomings. And that was precisely what did keep him down; he wanted to change his job but his aged mother, proud of his position in a big bank, made him promise never to go anywhere else. No Utopist has yet proposed a social order so fool-proof as to take care of a man like that.

No, Mr. de la Mazière's defendant is not a social-economic order of two or three centuries' standing, but a biochemic order coeval with Life itself. His complaint is that biological inheritances are as unequal as property inheritances; his indictment lies not against capitalism but against the universe. He argues his case powerfully; but suppose the universe attempts no defense and merely pleads guilty, what are you going to do about it?

This aspect of the book is beside the point, whatever the author may think. Its merits, and they are very considerable, are the merits of creative art. The book is alive, the people are alive: the narrator, Fourest, the other clerks (notably the one who drugged himself with opera as some men do with morphine); and there is a fiery bitter passion that sweeps the reader along. If Mr. de la Mazière has not known poverty, and the acrid smart of envy at unjust inequality, then he has an extraordinary talent for accurate inference. Whether or not he has drawn modern French business as it is, he convinces you that this is the way it must seem to the particular man he is writing about. Which, after all, is the business of the novelist.

Veridical Tales

DREADS AND DROLLS. By ARTHUR MACHEN. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1926. $3.50.

Reviewed by H. THORNTON CRAVEN

ARTHUR MACHEN'S regard for the "human warious" is as keen as Mr. Venus's if somewhat more elegant. In "Dreads and Drolls," the skill of Dickens's immortal taxidermist is transferred to the imagination. Mr. Machen rummages among the dry bones of musty records, among anecdotal fragments, neglected personalia. He articulates and quickens them and they emerge with sensitive and haunting appeal in a charming volume. The assembled tales and reflection—twenty-nine of them—appeared in the London *Graphic*, gathered from all sources. "Most of them," states the author, "are strictly veridical, but it must be confessed that here and there imagination plays a small part."

If this be so, then the transmuting process has been accomplished by an extremely subtle, yet compelling art. There is decidedly less of the cryptic in these sketches, which do not aim to be pretentious, than in the now almost classic work, "The Hill of Dreams," with which the author first attracted attention more than a decade ago. Mr. Machen has not renounced mystery and legend. He rejoices in them, especially when evanescent or unresolved. In the present volume he reverts affectionately to the two modern fables that are obviously his favorites, "The Angels of Mons" and the tale of the Russian troops in England in 1914. The citations are merely incidental, but they display the writer's esteem for unfinished chords of romance.

The assumption of realism in "Dreads and Drolls" is particularly artful, since, amid all the accompanying documentation, it is palpably Mr. Machen's purpose to touch the springs of fancy. The contact is established by the mechanism of restraint and delicate quietude of style. The most bizarre and prodigious happenings are presented with a Hardyean "emphasis of understatement," craftily stimulating to the reader's sense of wonder.

It must be insisted at once that not the slightest kinship with Dunsany is implied. Mr. Machen is strolling through quite a different gallery. Throughout this collection of brief "pieces," which in other hands would have become merely fugitive, Mr. Machen lovingly reveals the Dickens complex. The pages are dotted with references to the novels and many delectable excerpts are quoted in considerable extent.

The Dickens bent emerges immediately in the book in the two cunningly told stories drawn from the adventures of Joseph Grimaldi, whose life was edited by the budding "Boz." These are tales of extraordinary occurrences, whose mysteries Mr. Machen does not attempt to solve, delighting meanwhile in his inability. It is no wonder that the author in his foreword indicates a preference for "The Man with the Silver Staff" and "The Long-Lost Brother." They are little gems of polished art. The inner beat and refinement of prose accent of certain passages of the book recall a Max Beerbohm, pruned of acidity and extreme artifices,—the Beerbohm of "The Golden Drugget." There is a glimpse of James Stephens and, judging by the close, a conscious one, in the fantasy, "The Little People." Yet despite these echoes and the legacy of assigned personal journalism that cling to some of the productions, the distinctive Machen quality abides. In the main "Dreads and Drolls" is literature, graceful and sensitive, wise in its humor, its fancy, romance, and somberer implications. It may urge some intensely contemporary Georgian readers toward Dickens. It should urge strangers to Machen to explore him further. "Uncommercial Traveler" is merely one of his parts.

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The Strength of the Weak

THE BELATED RECKONING. By PHILLIS BOTTOME. New York: George H. Doran. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

IT is the strength of the weak that supplies the motive force for the larger part of Miss Bottome's neatly done story. Do you remember Maude Adams in "What Every Woman Knows"? That dauntless frailty . . . ? How the house, in particular the matinée audiences, used to rise at the spectacle of a more or less downtrodden little woman's common sense, instinctive rightness, and unassuming courage, steering, and indeed saving, her blustering and blundering husband?

One is reminded of that. Ellen McDermott, the timorous English spinster about whom the story turns, had lived forty-two years—mostly at Bournemouth, with its clergymen and invalids—"without ever having tasted what the world was like." Just as the supports of even the drab existence to which she had become accustomed suddenly gave way, what does her brother, who had gone to America, made money, and married a strong-minded American woman, do, but invite her to go to Sicily with him and his wife!

In the hotel there was an American girl married to a brute of a Sicilian sculptor, and one day Miss McDermott heard her sobbing on the other side of the partition, "O Mother! Mother! Mother!" Miss McDermott had never heard that appeal made in just that way before. She sprang to her feet as if the cry had been for her. In a way it was for her, and all at once she became a mother, not merely of the unhappy little American in the next room, but of the latter's unborn child.

The drama that follows brings out not only the strength of the weak, but a special and characteristic English sort of strength—that trait according to which timidity of mind can be combined with great strength of character, and a rather drab, even dowdy, English spinster can be, fundamentally, such

> ood sort," and so confidently looked to, in
> remote and outlandish crisis, to do the right

In celebrating this trait, Miss Bottome writes, undoubtedly, with a certain partisanship, both for her race and her sex. She is not merely setting down objective facts, she is proud and fond of her heroine. But she is also an artist, and the partisanship is implied rather than expressed.

The deftness, indeed, with which these two elements are sometimes combined, is both moving and charming. Charming for its own sake, technically, and stirring for what comes out of it. Take, for instance, the scene between her and the leader of the local Fascisti, to whom Miss McDermott and her brother finally appeal for help in rescuing the American girl from her blackguard husband. The gray-eyed young Fascist boss is made, for purposes of the story, a sort of mediæval knight, a steely incorruptible, who would cut a throat as lightly as he would crack an egg-shell, though all, of course, "for Italy and the right." His attitude toward women is very different from that of the Englishmen Miss McDermott has been used to—she feels it at once, though he says nothing and only looks, and she both vaguely fears and as vaguely likes it. Well, anyhow, here are two individuals, the hard-boiled Sicilian and the English spinster, as different as two people well could be, and yet he understands at once and respects her, his own chivalry "clicks" with that very different sort of chivalry hidden beneath the gray exterior of this middle-aged lady from Bournemouth, and she, incidentally, is exalted by the promptitude with which he becomes her perfect knight.

You will like the way in which, so to speak, drums roll and bugles call, every now and then, beneath the light and ladylike surfaces of the story. You will like the author's occasional dry smiles—as when, for instance, Miss McDermott's brother, Herbert, both of them a bit disturbed in the garden of their Italian hotel, "reads her nice, soothing things out of an English newspaper, about England going to the dogs, and all working men being Bolsheviks, and the awful troubles of millionaires owing to the super-tax." And you will doubtless be pleased that Miss McDermott's reckoning, though belated, came at last. A "little" story, perhaps, but "vurra, vurra" nice.

The Bowling Green

A Casual Anthology

THAT is what is meant by publicity—a voice loud enough to drown any remarks made by the public.
—G. K. Chesterton, *An Outline of Sanity.*

Your spending £1,000 in paying debts seems to me awful. I cannot understand such extravagance. Where will you end if you go on like this? Bankruptcy is always ahead for those who pay their debts.
—Oscar Wilde, letter to Leonard Smithers.
(*American Art Association Catalogue.*)

The American book-buying public appears to be more easily led than ours, and to exercise less independent judgment. The herd instinct carries all before it, and books that run counter to that instinct stand a much poorer chance of being read in America than in Great Britain.
—Stanley Unwin, *The Truth About Publishing.*

It may be that in a world where gentlemen prefer blondes, neither blondes nor gentlemen will pause to listen to an age-old melody. And if there are any readers left who are neither blondes nor gentlemen, it may be they will shrink from the story of a love that was as utterly candid as it was utterly innocent.

I dare not believe it, simply because I dare not believe that there is no longer a place in the world for the candor and innocence of love that is true and loyal and passionate. Arden and Arcadia demand to exist, if not in the territories, in the souls of men. Here is a story of as it was, not of as it might have been. Those who have it in them to condemn the truth of truth's simplicity that they will find in it, should pause, lest, in condemning it, they are themselves condemned.
—Middleton Murry, preface to *As It Was.*

Ten years ago, as you will remember, I went about the country shouting to you and all my more tolerant friends that one James Branch Cabell was a man to mark well and admire. Since then I have been, for me, comparatively silent. But now I emerge. I ask that a tucket sound. I enter. I announce in all gravity that I have found a new novelist, to wit, Eleanor Carroll Chilton, whose novel, "Shadows Waiting," I send you separately. If you love me, begin it; I know that your continued attention will need no urging from me. And if you find it, as I do, a book animated by a sombre but irresistible loveliness, I pray you let me know.
—Guy Holt, in a letter to the Green.

Sitting one morning behind my counter of second-hand books I was buried deeply in one of Scott's romances. A gentleman brought me back to earth by inquiring what book it was which so engrossed me. With a boy's enthusiasm I exclaimed: "The greatest novelist that ever lived—Sir Walter Scott." The gentleman laughed. I had never seen him before—I have never seen him since. But his reply made an indelible impression upon me, gave me an incentive which was to impel me through the rest of my life. He said:

"Honoré de Balzac is the greatest novelist that ever lived. You are not qualified to judge until you have read his books. Then you will agree with me. But begin with 'Le Père Goriot.'"
—William H. Royce, in *Balzac, Immortal.*
(privately printed)

Let us not mourn for George. He had a happy life and the end of it was a swift and happy death. He was almost ideally the free artist of Beethoven's famous saying. He practised an art that he loved; he lived out his days among pleasant friends; he was not harassed by sordid cares; he had enough of fame for any rational man. What endless joy he got out of his work! Every new poem was to him an exhilarating emotional experience. He was a sound workman and he knew it. What more could any man ask of the implacable fates?

Much that he wrote, I believe, will live. . . . He wrote, not to meet a passing fashion, but to measure up to an immemorial ideal. The winds of doctrine roared about him without shaking him. What was transiently cried up did not escape him: he was, in fact, intensely interested in everything new and strange. But his own course was along older paths, and he kept to it resolutely to the end.

It has been my destiny to know many artists, great and small. Of them all, George was easily the most charming. There was a divine rakishness about him that never staled. Dying at fifty-seven, he was still a boy.
—H. L. Mencken, tribute to George Sterling.

In another hour that dreary business "In speaking of the English humorous writers of the last, &c." will begin—and the wonder to me is that the speaker once in the desk gets interested in the work, makes the points, thrills with emotion and indignation at the right place, & has a little sensation whilst the work is going on—but I can't go on much longer—my conscience revolts at the quackeray. . . . Now I have seen three great cities, Boston, New York, Philadelphia. They seem to me not so civilized as our London; but more so than Manchester or Liverpool.
—Thackeray, letter written just before lecturing in Baltimore, February, 1853.
(*Anderson Gallery Catalogue.*)

A good indication of the changing values and emphasis in the vampire picture is brought home to us if we compare Miss Greta Garbo with the most famous screen vamp of yesteryear, Theda Bara. Miss Bara, with her robust voluptuousness, her relentless eyes and encircling arms, was the accepted prototype of the lady who has made men uneasy, from St. Anthony to Rudyard Kipling. Her appeal was nothing if not frank, and wise and sober men could be on their guard against her. Miss Garbo shows a frail physique and a fragile etherial air. She is infinitely more civilized and all the more subtle.
—Alfred Kuttner, *National Board of Review Magazine.*

I wager that William Lyon Phelps (who is not a notable critic but who retains the secret of cheerfulness) sells more books annually than any two other critics now living in the United States.
—George N. Schuster, in *The Commonweal.*

LOGRIS: You Americans are a strange people.
HARDING: Yes? So I have read in the English reviews.
LOGRIS: We get to thinking of you as altogether prosaic, commercial, hard-headed. And then suddenly you send us a hobo poet or a queer idealist. I shouldn't be surprised to see you go out there and try to walk on the water, just to prove that Americans are more spiritual than Europeans.
—Don Marquis, in his play *Out of the Sea.*

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—Circular encountered by chance.

I thought very pretty a notation I found in a list of Endowment Funds at Haverford College. In 1917 Charles S. Hinchman bequeathed $10,000 in securities, the income from which was to be used "to increase the salary of the astronomical professorship so as to provide a suitable instructor in the ennobling study of the heavens."

Sometimes, securely immured in the fortress, I gaze with disbelieving amazement upon things I see in actual print. Apparently they are real, they have been intentionally set down in black ink; and yet a sense of sorcery almost persuades me to believe it is a hallucination.

For instance, my eye came by chance lately upon a narrow strip of print in the New York *Sun.* It was called *The Book Column* and it began:

> A talk with almost any recent graduate of Oxford University will bring out the opinion that with one exception the dons were dubs.

The article went on to say that the one exception to this general dubbishness was Professor Sir Walter Raleigh. That gallant spirit would have been the first to reject an exception made by so obviously hasty a commentator.

But I wonder, still in amazement, what sort of "recent graduates" can the *Sun's* bookman have been talking to?

Master Walter Kingsley, legitimately incensed, calls upon us for apology. To wit:—

> As public relations commissioner for Master Francis Beaumont I call upon you to credit my client and not Parson Herrick with the lines which you printed praising the Mermaid Tavern as the wittiest and most worth while night club for the Algonquinite intelligentsia of Elizabethan London. Herrick sends smiling regards from Dean Prior but Ben Jonson and Beaumont double dare you to come near them in Westminster Abbey. Hereafter you are Mr. Morley to them and not brave translunary Kit of Bowling Green whose sack goes on their score.
>
> Hoping that this finds you with ample store of good sea-coal, cheese, pippins, prawns and ale a-plenty, I am your worshipful servant and thyne own faithful reader.

We have also undergone merited reproach from C. O. S. for having allowed our Chinese Translator to misspell that douce Italian liqueur, *strega.* The way he spelled it, we gather, made it plural—*strege.* His only excuse is that the first time he met it, it *was* plural; he had two glasses.

Apologies now off the slate, we are permitted a word of gratulation. A client informs us that the poem about Mr. Toulemonde (last week) is the perfect sort of thing to be chanted in the bathtub. There is no higher praise. The Green plans to proceed with its old scheme of Soliloquies and Duets for a Hot Bath.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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Books of Special Interest

Europe Since 1815

EUROPE SINCE WATERLOO. By WILLIAM STEARNS DAVIS. New York: The Century Company. 1926. $6.

Reviewed by WALTER S. HAYWARD

Harvard University

WILLIAM STEARNS DAVIS is a professor of history in the University of Minnesota. He is also one of the few examples of men who combine successfully the writing of history and of fiction. His first novel, "A Friend of Cæsar," was published in 1900, in which year occurred also his twenty-third birthday, and his graduation from Harvard University. Since that time he has published six other novels and in addition has produced a number of historical works of value ranging in subject matter from "The Influence of Wealth in Imperial Rome" to a "History of France" and a "Short History of the Near East."

His latest work, "Europe Since Waterloo," is in a way the culmination of previous work on the subject. This volume of 950 pages is roughly divided into three parts. The first covers the period of 1815 to 1870, which he calls the Triumph of Nationalism; the second deals with the Armed Peace which extended from 1871 to 1913, while the last part is entitled Armageddon.

The author has set about his task from three angles. In the first place, he believes in a just form of nationalism "and that a devoted loyalty to native land is entirely reconcilable with an ardent love for wide humanity." In the second place, he has what he describes as an intense belief in democracy, not to be confused with parliamentarism, and holds up the United States an an example of what a democracy without parliamentarism can accomplish. His final thesis is the spirit of Christianity working in the hearts of men.

"Europe Since Waterloo" is mainly a political history. It has to do with persons, rather than movements. It is synthetic rather than specialized; popular rather than academic. Professor Davis applies the same qualities of literary technique to historical writing that Sir Philip Gibbs did to his war correspondence. He visualizes, he dramatizes, he makes his characters move.

The author knows also the newspaper art of writing subcaptions which convey the gist of a page or two in a few words. "Blood and Iron Create Germany" is his method of heading the section on the founding of the German Empire. "The Sick Man of Europe and His Surgeons," "The Second Marne; the Sword of Foch and Pershing"—these titles are symptomatic of his treatment. He has the modern style of writing typified by a constant striving after effect, the use of the picturesque adjective, and the stressing of the high lights.

The best method of illustrating his style is to quote his description of that morning of November 11th, 1918, when the guns ceased firing.

> Presently, against the skyline, lifting themselves above the trenches, first cautiously, then bolder, were seen figures,—staring, gesturing. They were Germans gazing curiously. Americans, Frenchmen, Britons, grew visible likewise. Machine gunners unbuckled their belts, gave stiff salutes towards the opposing barbed wire, and then walked deliberately toward the rear. And then a sound "like the noise of a light wind" could be heard, whether the troops stood at Verdun or in Belgium. Across four hundred miles, millions of men were cheering from the Vosges to the Sea.

The chief criticism of Mr. Davis is that he is too much of a democrat, not in the party sense, but in his evident belief that monarchy as a form of government is noxious. While writing mainly of kings and emperors and the pageantry of courts, the thought is never far distant from his mind that he, a commoner and citizen of the Great Democratic Republic, is the chronicler of the decline and fall of monarchy in Europe. There is a sense of finality in his method of treating crowned heads. As he himself expresses it, "the king-business in any autocratic form seemed eternally ended."

In late years determining the causes of the World War has become one of the favorite subjects of historical discussion. Professor Davis has wisely chosen the historical rather than the polemical method of expressing his conclusions. Although inclined at the outset of the War to favor a German victory (he was at the time in the Rhineland and received his first impressions of the conflict from German papers) a careful study of the available evidence convinced him that Germany provided "a very large, though not the only part" of the enormous magazine of combustibles which represented Europe, and "into this vast inflammable mass" the ruler of Germany "insanely permitted Austria to drop a match." He points out graphically the slow psychological preparation of the German people for war; how Moltke believed war was necessary and inevitable; how the Emperor and all Germany became used to the idea of war and the justice of the German cause; and how when the final crisis came, the will to keep peace was not in the hearts of the German people.

The volume has footnotes, a bibliography, and an index. There is no reason why it should not serve as a text book as well as for the general reader. Some hypercritical individuals may object that this is a book by a novelist writing history, yet the public will read it and like it.

Nations in Flux

THE CHANGING EAST. By J. A. SPENDER. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 1926. $3.

Reviewed by HOWARD SWIGGETT

MR. SPENDER in this book goes to Turkey, Egypt, and India and publishes 252 pages on the issues of those unhappy countries in a judiciously balanced statement. From Kemal to Gandhi everyone is profoundly sincere. After all is it not unwise to leave the virile attitudes of prejudice, bigotry, and conviction to members of the government of this world? Must all educated men be fair and see all sides?

Intelligent Englishmen so generally recognize that the Hindu "has ideas about eternity and existence which make Western theology seem crude and fumbling," that India is "the centre of a subtle and original civilization which will be of value to the whole world,"—that the contradiction of Amritsar and English criticism of the Swarajists' everlasting nay is a special mystery. Men, like Mr. Spender, see this subtle civilization woven into eternity and existence, but government and industry, possibly even necessity, see it as something to be done away with "if we are to get anywhere."

However, this book is not all of India. There is a vivid paragraph about the Turk trek to Angora, if little sympathy with it, and the customary English wail about lack of sanitation, as though the sanitary arrangements of offices in the City of London were not usually an affront to decency.

Egypt's problems are somewhat curiously reviewed, with a plea to her to "make terms with facts," that is, with British control. She is roundly lectured about *her* duty to *her* antiquities, an issue which the author appears to feel quite as vital as the control of the Nile waters. This reviewer found it badly out of focus.

The Indian portion is better and if the author is still almost too judicious, he is profoundly engrossed in and sensitive to all the meaning of Indian life. There is the customary discussion of dyarchy, Swaraj, the "reserved questions," religion and agriculture, and the gentle but determined censure of India's lack of political sense. Surely political governments are not such things of beauty, even in England, that we can say that opposition to them in India is folly, if not criminal. The difficulties of ruling India are of course tremendous. India has, of course, received benefits from the Empire, peace over wide areas if nothing else, but the apparent belief of most British writers, of whom Mr. Spender is one, that if she will coöperate with the Raj, she can then go ahead to her destiny, oversimplifies the problem and accounts far too easily for her condition and her revolt.

The usual British tribute is paid to Gandhi, with whom the author's "fairness" made little headway. The most stimulating chapter is that telling of Tagore's beautiful school at Santiniketan, the Abode of Peace. There is nothing condescending, nothing "fair," nor judicious in the account. Apparently the author was himself thrilled by the sweetness and light of that great idea. It is very interesting to note that in India, as everywhere, the best ideas on education are at war with all that English public schools, and our own imitations of them, have stood for.

This is a clear and informative text book written by a distinguished member of a group usually at its best while being scrupulously fair to the lesser breeds.

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Foreign Literature

Minuit's Accuser

JONAS MICHAELIUS. Founder of the Church in New Netherland. By A. EEKHOF. Leyden: A. W. Sijthoff's Publishing Company. 1926.

Reviewed by A. J. BARNOUW
Columbia University

FAME is often the whimsical gift of accident. Take the case of Sebastiaen Jansz Krol, a humble, uneducated workman in an Amsterdam silk mill, who, when he married at the age of twenty, could not sign his name to the contract. Like Lincoln's father he learnt to write after his marriage, but, unlike the son, he rose to distinction through no merit of his own, except the negative one that he was not a bad fellow. What reasons induced him to quit the silk mill for the office of *Sieckentrooster*, or comforter of the sick, in the newly founded colony of New Netherland is a matter of conjecture. It is certain, however, that but for that move, Sebastiaen Jansz Krol would be a forgotten nonentity. His good fortune directed him to New Netherland, where he rose from comforter of the sick to the command of Fort Orange and finally succeeded Peter Minuit as Director of the Colony.

Scarcity of men, not his peculiar fitness for these functions, seems to account for his promotion, and his memory would not have survived him long if New Amsterdam had not grown into the City of New York. However, our interest in Krol in spite of his insignificance, is fully justified. When a man has achieved celebrity we take an interest in every little incident of his childhood, and even so the greatness of New York makes the men and women who played a part in the city's infancy of interest to the historian. And not to the historian alone. Popular tradition has it that Krol's name is perpetuated in the name of the cruller, and the credulous infer from that connection that he must have been the first to bake crullers in New Amsterdam. The sick under his care must have had [illegible] 'igestions if they could be comforted [illegible]llers. But their diet was none of [illegible]ness. He had to minister to the [illegible]sick with prayers and devotional [illegible], and comforted the lovesick by marrying them. He also had authority to christen little children, but he never christened the little crullers. These owe their name to the *crul* or curl into which they were shaped.

The first fully ordained minister to take over from the *sieckentrooster* the care of souls in New Amsterdam was a man of different antecedents. Jonas Michaelius had been trained for the ministry from his fifteenth year on, and graduated from the theological college at Leyden at the age of twenty-one, when Krol was still an illiterate. For twenty years he taught the gospel to village parishioners in Holland. But in the year 1624 he asked to be transferred to Brazil, where the Hollanders were then trying to oust the Portuguese from their possessions, and in March, 1625, he sailed for his new destination in the fleet that was to clinch the Dutch hold on Bahia. But the commander, hearing from home-bound ships that the Portuguese had recaptured Bahia, changed his course and made for More on the coast of Guinea, West Africa, where the Dutch had a fort called Nassouw. Here they arrived on November 19, 1625, and Michaelius went on shore to stay in the fort. It is not known how long he remained there. By the end of the year 1627 he was back in Holland, for on January 24, 1628, he sailed from the Texel to New Netherland.

He seems to have been a man in whom the missionary zeal was paramount. To preach the gospel to the converted is not so laudable a work as to save the heathen from unbelief and idolatry. The missionary must feel the same pride in his converts that an artist feels in the work of his hands, whereas the minister of a village parish is like the art custodian who keeps the treasures under his charge in good repair. To create, if you feel inspired, is a worthier and more beautiful task than to preserve, which may be done without any inspiration. Michaelius, the missionary, was a chip of the old block. His father had been one of those fighting preachers who fanned by their religious enthusiasm the hatred of Spain and popery among the reformed in Holland and Flanders. He was a cripple and, on that account, a fit associate of the Sea Beggars, among whom the scarred and the maimed outnumbered the sound in life and limb. William the Silent must have known him, for he was employed as messenger between the Prince and the military leaders of the insurgents against Spain.

The father's fighting spirit stood the son in good stead. Manhattan was not a parish of guileless souls eager to listen to the Word. In the letter that he wrote to the Rev. Smoutius in Amsterdam, he complained that the Indians were "strangers to all decency, yea, uncivil and stupid as garden poles, proficient in all wickedness and godlessness; devilish men, who serve nobody but the devil." But two years later he wrote with even greater bitterness about the men of his own congregation, on whom he might have counted for support. Dr. A. Eekhof, Professor of Church History in the University of Leyden, has discovered this letter in the family archives of Jonkheer N. van Foreest, a descendant of Michaelius's patron and correspondent. It is written in Latin, and contains such outspoken criticism of Peter Minuit that it constitutes a valuable record of early New York history. Dr. Eekhof's volume, thought full of new information concerning the lives of Krol and Michaelius, is chiefly important on account of this letter, which is here printed and reproduced in facsimile for the first time. That Minuit and Michaelius were not on good terms together has long been a matter of record, but the cause of their antagonism was not known. In the minister's Latin letter to Joannes van Foreest, secretary to the States of Holland and West Friesland, the origin of their feud is thus described:

> We have a governor who is entirely unworthy of his office, a slippery fellow, who under the painted mask of honesty, is a compound of all iniquity and wickedness. For he is accustomed to the telling of lies, in which he abounds, and to the use of horrible oaths and execrations. He is not free from fornication, he is a most cruel oppressor of the innocent, and deems no one worthy of his favor and protection who is not of the same kidney as himself. He has a council to assist him which obeys with the same iniquity with which he commands, and which you might not unjustly call a kind of dregs consisting of the most pestilential sort of people. For not only do they cheat our Company, whose servants they are, by shameless means for their own benefit, having an eye to their own interest, but they also oppress the innocent and live so outrageously that they seem not only to be wicked but even to practice wickedness. And although sometimes, either through ambition or for the sake of some thievish profit, they fall out among themselves, still, when they come to their senses, they agree again to a fusion and slily play into one another's hands so as the better to defraud the Directors of the Company and not to betray one another to the common damage of all.

This is not an edifying picture of Peter Minuit's administration. One has to be cautious, however, in admitting the dominie's evidence against the Director and his council. Michaelius evidently enjoyed writing Latin, and was easily carried away by his own love of grandiloquent phrases, his delight in big words betraying him into over-stating his case. He belonged, moreover, to a class of men who, not content with the care of souls which was their proper function, strove to meddle with things political and to sway the minds of the magistracy. His correspondent, the Rev. Adrianus Smoutinus, of the Dutch Reformed Church of Amsterdam, was the most notorious divine of this type. He constantly tried to dictate to the burgomasters from the pulpit and threatened them with a rising of the mob if they refused to do his bidding; not long after he received the letter, now in the New York Public Library, which Michaelius wrote to him from Manhattan, Smoutius was banished from the city of Amsterdam for his intolerable arrogance and his scheming against the civic government. It is more than likely that Jonas Michaelius was a man of the same stripe. In 1637, five years after his return from Manhattan, he was recommended by the Classis of Amsterdam for reappointment to the ministry in New Netherland. But the nineteen Directors on the Governing Board of the West India Company unanimously rejected him. Their curt reply to the Classis of Amsterdam contains the last record of his name. Mr. Eekhof has not been able to trace any further reference to him in the numerous documents that he has consulted. The first minister of the city of New York passed away in obscurity.

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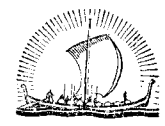

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Points of View

The New Realism

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

We thought we knew. In spite of necessary reckonings with the confusing difference between literary and philosophical realisms, we thought, so far as fiction went, that we knew. But another dream has passed into limbo. Sadder and wiser for recent enlightenment as to the nature of realism, we "guess—and fear."

Chaucer, we supposed, was a realist in his inimitable portraits of deathless personages, however extravagantly romantic may have been the tales which they told or in which they figured. No Saxon Emilie of yard-long yellow braids would other than figuratively have worshipped Diana; no knightly Grecian lovers ever fought for lady's hand in mediæval English tourney. But the prisoners quarreling at their window over hypothetical possession of the flower-culling maiden in the garden are as convincing as the scarlet stockings of the wife of Bath. Historic realism Chaucer had none of; of contemporary realism we thought he had a plenty. It seems not.

In Shakespeare, also, we have been mistaken. We always felt a pulsing truth in his presentation of the complexities of contradictory human nature. To apprehend that tragedy can lie only in the disintegration of a soul and the nullification of its purpose and destiny is to lay hold on life; and through the most fantastic of romances to discern that life is but dream stuff is to do more than snatch at the fluttering hem of the garment of ultimate truth. But truth is not necessarily realism. We know, now, that we must no more call Shakespeare a realist. And while he in his Olympus cannot be disturbed at what he has probably known all along, and been amused at, we dwellers on the windy plains of prose existence find the readjustment of ideas disconcerting.

Dear Jane Austen, too, rather than whom we would wittingly have offended any other, has suffered from our misconstruction. So have two of the Georges, Eliot and Meredith. We thought them all realists. Certainly Elizabeth and Emma and Mr. Collins, Maggie Tulliver's delightful aunts and the ungallant Bartle Massey, Mrs. Mountstuart Jenkinson and Thomas Redworth not only are in themselves live personages, but they bring to us of the present the living actualities of times past. No English village of fact can show for its events of 1799 such present fame as can the fictitious hamlet of Hayslope; no ball has figured in so widely read a society column as Mr. Bingley's; no superiority complex of 1926 has been so universally appreciated as has been Sir Willoughby Patterne's. Sir Willoughby, of course, is real not only for himself; he sums up all the fractional realities which his creator chose to embody in him. In such sense as the last we supposed Mr. Sinclair Lewis, too, to be a realist, typifying in the very real Babbitt or Arrowsmith or Carol Kennicott the thousands of identities recognizable equally on the street and on the printed page.

For we had a theory of literary realism. The realist was a creator. His folk originated in his brain. Sometimes they were figures of romance, so clothed in flesh and blood, so animated by human passions and emotions, that they lived as truly as figures of history. Sometimes they were the stuff of fact, with lineaments or characteristics resembling those of the men and women seen in the mirror which art held up to nature, but with thoughts, feelings, actions all their own, inevitable to creatures who were as they were. Sometimes their doings paralleled events known to their creator—paralleled, not duplicated. But always they were imaginary folk; always their begetter was the creative mind, with power to "give to airy nothing a local habitation and a name." To put the imaginary yet real person in the midst of fictitious yet possible circumstances, doing such things as he might have done in fact; to create a chain of fictitious events so true to vital law as to convince of their occurrence; to present humanity stripped bare of fantasy, an image stark in its truthfulness, yet a figment wholly of the artistic imagination at work upon human material—such achievements as these, we thought, made up the triumph of the realist.

But it seems not. We have begun to speculate as to how much of genuine art is in the work of novelist or dramatist, so conceived of.

For this salutary state of doubt, harbinger of richer enlightenment, we have to thank a recent short story, appearing in the widely circulated and popular *Cosmopolitan*, from the pen of Mr. Theodore Dreiser. We chanced to remember, in real life, the circumstances, the events, and the persons of the story. They lived within ten miles of us; one of them was a member of clubs at a social settlement where we worked; ten years ago they figured prominently in the columns of our daily papers. Of one chief character the name remained unchanged; of the other the last name was altered, but not the background against which she grew up. Detailed comparison of this work of realistic fiction with the files of a metropolitan newspaper revealed a duplication similar to that in the columns of a harmony of the gospels.

In bare outline the tale was too sordid to be remarkable. Certain circumstances, however, were so unusual as to forbid the charitable explanation of accident. Journalese was translated into futurist prose, if such is the correct term to apply to prose that scorns all sentence structure. An unconvincing tragic ending was attached by the fiction writer to the record of fact—and the story was ready for heralding to the world as "another American tragedy." Upon which the editor, when questioned, replied with condescension, that nowadays the realist bases his stories on fact.

It is to be hoped that some writer of realistic fiction has carefully assembled the clippings bearing on a sensational murder trial that not long since disappeared from the front page of our morning paper. They will make a good story, perhaps an entire novel, ten years hence—except that, the facts not having been ascertained, something will have to be left to the imagination, a negligible function which may by that time have atrophied from disuse. For it is evident that the writer of realistic fiction need no longer invent his plots or his characters. He is defended by his very name of realist from any criticism of failure to invent. For what *is* realism, if not a reproduction of real life? And what better real life than a murder which actually occurred?

Old-fashioned readers must adapt themselves to this new vogue. It may take time to grow used to the idea that one is reading not fiction but fact. Those who have heretofore deprecated the flood of "true story" magazines may be misguided enough to lament the spread of their influence into the realms of art. But the writer will gain. Many a facile pen, hitherto deterred from fictional adventures only by dearth of the creative faculty that can conceive a plot or a situation, can now reap an easy harvest. The writer will stand or fall by his style alone, for a file of any tabloid of 1926 will give him ample and excellent plot material, with character analysis ready made in countless columns of interview and autobiography.

A doubt creeps in. What will become of the really creative artist? Already there is difficulty, as one turns the pages of the current magazines, in discriminating between the two kinds of realism. How much of any story is reproduction of the columns of the Gopher Prairie News, and how much must we discard as old-fashioned because it is merely fiction? The once envied inventive mind will find itself handicapped in the race with the well stocked clipping file. Are both types of work to be judged by the same standards? Are both writers equally artists? The question requires consideration, for equal reputation should not be the reward of unequal gifts. It would seem either that an editorial note should make clear which stories are modernly realistic and which are only imaginative; or else that the imaginative writer should betake himself to the field of the movie scenario, where invention is not yet at a discount.

The power to create reality in fiction gave the artist to share with God, clothing bone with flesh and breathing into his creature the breath of life. But God, like imagination, is old-fashioned. The modern realist keeps up with the day. His power is not that of the creator but of the couturier.

MABEL DODGE HOLMES.

Philadelphia, Pa.

The Bookseller

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*.

SIR:

I am all for that worm of the business world—the bookseller. I am forced to accept Big Ben as a roomy, forced to partake of canned soups, radio, movies, and censorship but I'll be consigned if I am going to have my books ladled out to me by literary cooks regardless of their professed or actual standing as critics, reviewers, or blurbsmiths. No literary goose-stepping for me. At least not while I am able to distinguish high power publicity blah as to what I *should* read in contrast with the taste of a debabbittized book buyer,—your humble reader. To be sure in the cultivation of that taste, the book seller for several years, has played no little part. On his part the selling of books, apparently is secondary to his desire to cultivate a taste for literature. Once or twice a week, I browse in his shop, spending, say, an average of $3—and an hour or so. Generally I meet one or more kindred spirits ready and eager to take up a shillalah in the endless "battle of the books." The friends, like the books, are hand-picked. The book shop is a sort of club. Nor has there been any two-fisted-breaking-down-of-sales-resistance tactics to secure "jiners." No dues, no signing on the dotted line, just pay the postman and see what you get in the way of a pig in a poke, all picked, packed, trimmed, deodorized to suit the tastes and digestions of thousands of readers. Not for me. Not while the book sellers have a varied and intelligently selected stock to choose from.

Up to the present time the book buyer has had no one to guide him. He has depended on his own tastes and that of the book seller. But do not despair! In the words of old Doc Munyon, there is hope! "Down with the wall," (the book seller), reads a recent ad. Well, I am not so sure about that wall. Recently I phoned for three technical books not ordinarily kept in stock. In five days the bookseller had them delivered to me. I have known him to assist in gathering materials for club papers upon various subjects, run down out of print books, give sound advice for study courses, contribute books to bazaars, fairs, etc., in fact he is a community asset, an unsubsidized asset. He doesn't apparently do any bally-hooing or log-rolling for any publisher or publishers. He does not pass judgment on the "best" books to be issued in the coming months or years. He not only sells books, he gives (blessed word), service. He's a hell of a business man, but as long as his shop has the advantages touched upon, especially browsing—where one can gallop with Zane Gray out thar in Gawd's country, shiver with Talbot Mundy, chuckle with or at the Hard Boiled Virgin, detect with the thriller manufacturers, see some of the heroes of history in undress, and take a surreptitious peek at Jimmy Joyce's collection of bedtime stories to learn whether he has a few fence words left after recent sorties made by those two droll knock-about comedians, Hecht and Bodenheim,—I'll buy books—from a book store. No literary wet nurses for m-

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

DRAWINGS OF THE EARLY FLEMISH SCHOOL. By *A. E. Popham.* McBride. $5.

THEORY AND ELEMENTS OF ARCHITECTURE. By *Robert Atkinson.* Vol. I, Part I. McBride. $10 net.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN IN OIL AND BRONZE. By *John Clyde Oswald.* Rudge.

PROUT AND ROBERTS. By *Jane Quigley.* Stokes. $1.50 net.

GOTMAN. Edited by *S. C. Kaines Smith.* Stokes. $1.50 net.

Belles Lettres

A HISTORY OF PERSIAN LITERATURE IN MODERN TIMES (A.D. 1500-1924). by EDWARD G. BROWNE.

There is a kind of requiem note in these few paragraphs that call attention to "A History of Persian Literature in Modern Times (A.D. 1500-1924)" by the famous scholar, Professor Edward G. Browne, of Cambridge, England. The present writer was on his way to India and Persia, early in 1926, when he learned the sad news of the death of Browne, a friend for many years and one whose name will always be associated with the Land of the Shah because of his devotions to everything Persian.

It was not many months before his death that the noted Cambridge professor issued the above volume, the last of four monumental works dealing with the literary history of Persia from the earliest times to the present. This concluding one, a tome of over five hundred pages to match each that had gone before, has brought the subject down to date, and is a masterpiece like its predecessors. It possibly involved even more original research than the other three, because of collecting a mass of out-of-the-way material and rare documents and making these available in translation.

With a grasp as firm as it is far-reaching the author treats first of Persia's history during the last four centuries, bringing out the diplomatic relations between Persia and [illegible] rom the sixteenth century on- [illegible] d indicating what an important [illegible] Land of the Lion and the Sun [illegible] or statesmen to reckon with. The output of Persian literature in verse and in prose during this long period is then elaborately presented. In tenor, the religious tone was perhaps more dominant during the earlier centuries, the political not becoming more striking till later on. Modernizing influences have found their way in, to Persia's literary advantage. In the author's own words: "Especially since the middle of the nineteenth century, the old forms of literature, both prose and verse, took on a fresh lease of life, and so far from deteriorating, rose to a higher level than they had hitherto reached during the four centuries (roughly speaking A.D. 1500-1900) with which we are dealing." Adequate proof of this is adduced, thus giving us the significant later developments of Persia in the literary line. We can see throughout how Browne kept in close and constant touch with the Persians themselves, who rightly are his devoted admirers.

He died just as he had reached the age of sixty-four, having lived to see the birth of the Newer Persia, with all its promise. He left behind him a long list of standard books from his prolific pen, besides having supervised the editing of more than a score of Persian and Arabic works entrusted to the hands of other scholars in the Gibb Memorial Series. He was, moreover, an enthusiastic and inspiring teacher, and his memory will be cherished and revered by all lovers of Iran.

LADY MILLER AND THE BATHEASTON LITERARY CIRCLE. By *Ruth Avaline Hesselgrave.* Yale University Press. $2.

THE BIBLE IN IRELAND. By *Asenath Nicholson.* Edited by *Alfred Tressidder Sheppard.* Day. $3 net.

PLATO: THE MAN AND HIS WORK. By *A. E. Taylor.* Dial. $5.

SPEAKING OF STORE TEETH. By *Marshall Breeden.* Dorraine. $1.

ABE MARTIN: HOSS SENSE AND NONSENSE. By *Kin Hubbard.* Bobbs-Merrill. $1.50

AMY LOWELL. By *George H. Sargent.* Rudge. $4 net.

PROSE PREFERENCES. By *Sidney Cox.* Harpers. $2.

Biography

LANES OF MEMORY. By GEORGE S. HELLMAN. Knopf. 1927.

This is not a biography but a collection of reminiscent essays. Mr. Hellman might have improved it, perhaps, by more systematic grouping of his material. His collector's reminiscences are partly under titles that indicate the subject and partly here and there. Most of the first essay on "Collectors Luck" has nothing to do with that, but consists of recollections of Swinburne, Rodin, Von Bülow, and Sarah Bernhardt.

Mr. Hellman has known many famous and interesting people, and has the gift of being, if not at all vivid, at least pleasantly readable.

EARLY LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN MORLEY. By *F. W. Hirst.* Macmillan. 2 vols. $10.50.

SAVONAROLA. By *William Van Wyck.* McBride. $5 net.

FRONTIER DUST. By *John Lord.* Hartford: Mitchell. $2.50.

ROOSEVELT AS WE KNEW HIM. By *Frederick S. Wood.* Winston. $3.50.

HENRY JAMES. By *Pelham Edgar.* Houghton Mifflin. $5.

Drama

CAPONSACCHI. By *Arthur Goodrich and Rose A. Palmer.* Appleton. $2.

DRAMATIC PUBLICATION IN ENGLAND, 1580-1640. By *Evelyn May Albright.* Oxford University Press.

THE PLAY'S THE THING. By *Ferenc Molnar.* Brentanos. $2.

THE BARBER AND THE COW. By *D. T. Davies.* Brentanos.

THE OLD ADAM. By *Cicely Hamilton.* Brentanos.

THE MARBLE GOD. By *Stephen Schofield.* Brentanos.

THE TENDER PASSION. By *Hubert Griffith.* Brentanos.

THE MERRY, MERRY CUCKOO. By *Jeannette Marks.* Appleton. $2.

COSMAN EXILES. By *John G. Jury.* Published by the author. Berkeley, Calif.

Education

ANGELA MERICI AND HER TEACHING IDEA. By *Sister M. Monica.* Longmans, Green.

ENGLISH LITERATURE. Globe Book Co.

EDUCATION FOR A CHANGING CIVILIZATION. By *William Heard Kilpatrick.* Macmillan.

FEDERAL AND STATE SCHOOL ADMINISTRATION. By *Wiliam A. Cook.* Crowell. $2.75 net.

SCHOOL SUPERVISION IN THEORY AND PRACTICE. By *Ellsworth Collings.* Crowell. $2.75 net

THE PROBLEM CHILD. By *A. S. Neill.* McBride. $2 net.

Fiction

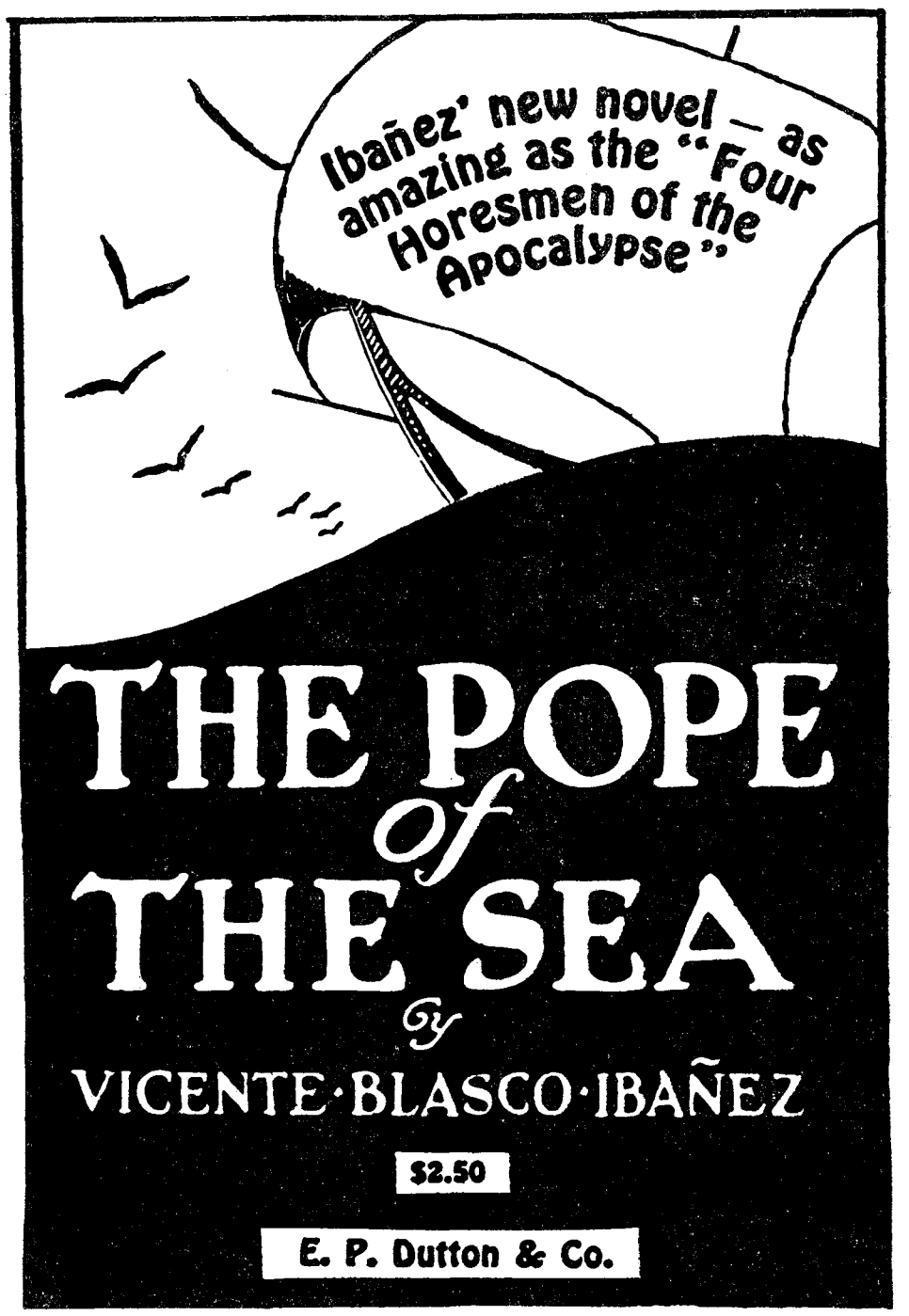
THE RUNAWAY TRAIL. By ALBERT M. TREYNOR. Dodd, Mead. 1927. $2.

There are novelty of plot and a unified quickness of action in this Western story such as are not too often found in fiction of its kind. Scarcely a page of it seems extraneous to the narrative's movement, and though one may object to the obvious simplicity of the materials, one may not fairly cavil at the skill with which they are handled. Five years before the story begins, a railway train, carrying twenty race-horses, was destroyed by fire in the Arizona desert. The charred remains of only seventeen were recovered, it being therefore apparent that three, possibly including the world-beating Blueboy, had escaped the flames and sought refuge in remote regions of the desert. Two rival bands of hunters seek to track down and capture the missing thoroughbreds, now multiplied, it is rumored, into a herd, for the fortune they will bring. The hard-fought contest is well worth the following.

SIR PERCY HITS BACK. By BARONESS ORCZY. Doran. 1927. $2.

The author of "The Scarlet Pimpernel" romances once more presents her secret league of anti-Terrorist Englishmen, commanded by Sir Percy Blakeney, aiding proscribed victims of the French Revolution to escape the guillotine. Their efforts center upon the succor of a blundering girl whose foolhardy conduct has caused her imprisonment on a charge of treason. She is the daughter of Chauvelin, the ferocious colleague of Robespierre, whom readers of the earlier Pimpernel stories will recall as the relentless enemy of Sir Percy. The latter rescues her from the very jaws of death, amid the clamor of the mob for her blood, escorts her to safety, and in a final clash with her hostile father emerges the victor. The tale travels at a rapid gait, or at least the incessant bedlam of armed conflict gives one that impression, and again shows that the author is more proficient in the so-called "period" novel than in her stories which have dealt with modern life.

(*Continued on next page*)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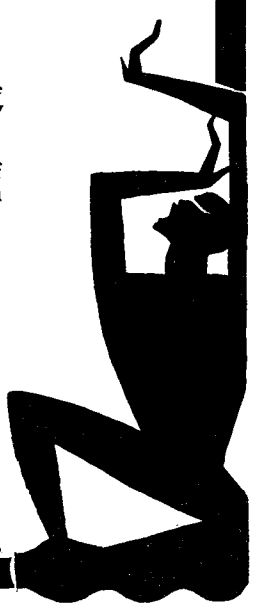

The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

LILIECRONA'S HOME. By SELMA LAGERLOF. Translated from the Swedish by Anna Barwell. Dutton. 1926.

In reading Selma Lagerlöf's quiet romances of the Swedish country-side one slips back gently to the days of one's childhood when the world was full of fairies, when anything might happen, and when every story properly began with "Once upon a time." "Liliecrona's Home" was first published in Sweden in 1911, but the theme and treatment are equally ageless. Here are our old friends the wicked stepmother and her ill-storm-winds almost as real as the pastor's wife herself. Here are a kindly old grandmother, a proud aunt, a wild young lover of a fiddler, and all the rest of the gentry and peasantry 'round about Lövdala.

These simple folk provide no thrills—none of them is a pervert, introvert, or nymphomaniac—but each of them is thoroughly realized and all of them live in a plausible, fairy-tale world that for us, at least, has the added charm of exoticism. Selma Lagerlöf's mannered and slightly archaic style—well enough reproduced in this translation—gives her novel the flavor of a Hans Christian Andersen story for adults. It is a good, wholesome, romantic flavor, slightly insipid perhaps but excellent for taking the taste of ultra-realism out of one's mouth. Some of the tonic cold of the northern hills blows through these pages—and some of the refreshing, ingratiating make-believe of the far-away and long-ago when we were very young.

THE MYSTERIOUS AFFAIR AT STYLES. By AGATHA CHRISTIE. Dodd, Mead. 1926. $2.

The excellence of Miss Christie's recent "The Murder of Roger Ackroyd" should whet the appetite of such lovers of mystery stories as have not read this earlier book to make its acquaintance. Like the former work it is a well-knit tale, which advances steadily to a plausible conclusion without attempting the mystification of the reader by the introduction of unnecessary detail and false clues. Yet at one time or another suspicion is thrown on all the leading characters, and thrown on them with sufficient naturalness to be justified even after the story has reached its conclusion. Miss Christie writes with economy of incident, and without finding it necessary to emply the stereotyped properties of the usual detective of fiction. Her story revolves about the poisoning of an elderly woman on whose disposition of her estate the well-being of the members of the group about her depends. It will furnish good entertainment to that constantly growing public which likes the mystery tale.

ALIAS DR. THAYER. By LEE THAYER. Doubleday, Page. 1927. $2.

Mr. Thayer is the possessor of a style all too infrequently the asset of the writer of detective tales, and as a result his book stands head and shoulders above the rank and file of its kind. It is an ingenious story, with plausible incident adroitly handled, and with the resolution of its complications skilfully held in doubt until the final chapter. Mr. Thayer employs, of course, perfectly familiar ingredients—a midnight murder, a group of persons to any one of whom the guilt for the crime might attach—the local detective and his more noted fellow from the city—but he introduces them with sufficient variation from the usual to lend distinction to his story and to maintain its interest throughout. And since Mr. Thayer writes well he is able to inject even sentiment into his story without its being banal. We commend his book to all who would read a clever, baffling, and well-constructed detective tale.

AT THE SIGN OF SAGITTARIUS. By *Richard B. Ince.* Day. $2 net.

CRIME AND DETECTION. Oxford University Press. 80 cents.

THE RED PAVILION. By *John Gunther.* Harpers.

JENNIFER. By *John Palmer.* Harcourt, Brace. $2.

SACRIFICE. By *Mary Larrimer.* Vinal. $2.

AND THE GARDEN WAITED. By *Jeanne de Lavigne and Jacques Rutherford.* Vinal.

THE YOUNG DUKE. By *Benjamin Disraeli.* Knopf.

PHILOPENA. By *Henry Kitchell Webster.* Bobbs-Merrill. $2.

THE TABLES OF ÆSOP. Translated by *Sir Roger l'Estrange.* Golden Cockerel Press. $7.50.

THE HISTORY OF POMPEY THE LITTLE. By *Frances Coventry.* Golden Cockerel Press. $6.

HULA. By *Armine von Tempski.* Stokes. $10.

STRIKE. By *Will W. Whalen.* Dorrance. $2.

THE STRONGER GOD. By *Eric Waring.* Brentanos. $2.

THE CRIME AT DIANA'S POOL. By *Victor L. Whitechurch.* Duffield. $2.

THE LAZY DETECTIVE. By *George Dilnot.* Houghton Mifflin. $2.

THE SMUGGLER'S CAVE. By *George A. Birmingham.* Bobbs-Merrill. $2.

WILD MONEY. By *Freeman Tilden.* Doubleday, Page. $2.

WHISPERING CREEK. By *Alma E. Henderson.* Kansas City: Burton.

MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT. By *Kenneth Phillips Britton.* Hartford: Mitchell.

THE ENCHANTED RADIO. By *Lillian Sincere Ahrens.* Rockland, Mass.: Austin.

MONT-ORIOL. By *Guy de Maupassant.* Translated by *Marjorie Laurie.* Brentanos. $2.50.

THE BLACK BLOODHOUND. By *Farnham Bishop.* Little, Brown. $2 net.

THE LONGEST SHADOW. By *Jeffery E. Jeffery.* Little, Brown. $2 net.

THE DANGERFIELD TALISMAN. By *J. J. Connington.* Little, Brown. $2 net.

MR. GILHOOLEY. By *Liam O'Flaherty.* Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.

ALPHA. By *Emery Balint.* Macy-Masius. $2.

THE WAY OF ROMANCE. By *Vivian Gilbert.* Appleton. $2.

THE GIRL FROM SCOTLAND YARD. By *Edgar Wallace.* Doubleday, Page. $2.

I'LL HAVE A FINE FUNERAL. By *Pierre La Mazière.* Brentanos. $2.

LUCKY NUMBERS. By *Montague Glass.* Doubleday, Page. $2.

THE EYE OF LUCIFER. By *Frederic F. Van de Water.* Appleton. $2.

THE PONSON CASE. By *Freeman Wills Croft.* A. & C. Boni. $2.

RIVALRY. By *Sarah Warden MacConnell.* Macaulay. $2.

PENELOPE FINDS OUT. By *Pamela Wynne.* Macaulay. $2.

THE MINIATURE. By *Edna Philpotts.* Macmillan. $2.25.

THE MOULE'S HOUSE MYSTERY. By *Charles Barry.* Dutton. $2.

THE DRURY CLUB CASE. By *Sidney Williams.* Penn.

THE RESTITUTION OF THE BRIDE. Translated from the Chinese by *E. Butts Howell.* Brentanos.

THE HAPPY TREE. By *Rosalind Murray.* Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.

Miscellaneous

EARLY AMERICAN WALL PAINTINGS, 1710-1850. By EDWARD B. ALLEN. Yale University Press. 1927. $7.50.

It is a curious fact that, with the exception of a few in the South, these old wall paintings are all in New England. Mr. Allen thinks it was "probably a reaction to the early religious prejudice against all forms of art and luxury." From various points of view I suspect there is very little in that. If one is looking for a single cause, it is more probably to be found in the merchant marine, whose development in New England was so extraordinary. The incident of Cornè is suggestive. Cornè was an Italian refugee, a Neapolitan painter brought to Massachusetts in 1799 by a Salem merchant, General Derby, in his ship *Mount Vernon*, and the most notable work in Salem and Providence is by his hand. New England ships were all over the world in the eighteenth century. More probably, then, it was a somewhat local fashion, starting early in the eighteenth century from incidents of New England shipping.

Many of the paintings are charming, and decoratively good. One is a little uncertain how strictly Mr. Allen uses the word "fresco." Cornè did not paint directly on the plaster but on paper pasted over it, and that is not fresco. The tradition that some of the paintings were done by Hessians, stranded waifs of the Revolution, is curiously supported by the occurrence of the Prussian eagle along with the American. There have been a few magazine articles written on this subject before but no book, so far as we know. Mr. Allen is perhaps the first to make any considerable investigations.

SCOTLAND YARD. By *George Dilnot.* Houghton Mifflin. $5.

THE MAGIC OF HERBS. By *Mrs. C. F. Leyel.* Harcourt, Brace. $3.

FAVORITE RECIPES OF FAMOUS CHEFS. By *Emma C. Caron.* McBride.

DINING IN PARIS. By *Sommerville Story.* McBride. $2 net.

MENUS FOR EVERY OCCASION. By *Edna S. Tipston.* Stokes. $2.50 net.

LETTERS TO YOUNG FLY-FISHERS. By *Sir George Aston.* Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

WINDJAMMERS AND SHELLBACKS. By *E. Keble Chatterton.* Lippincott.

THE FARMER'S CAMPAIGN FOR CREDIT. By *Clara Eliot.* Appleton. $3.

THE QUEST OF THE QUAINT. By *Virginia Robie.* Little, Brown.

RURAL LIFE AT THE CROSSROADS. By *Macy Campbell.* Ginn. $1.96.

THE TRUTH ABOUT PUBLISHING. By *Stanley Unwin.* Houghton Mifflin. $2.

FARMERS OF FORTY CENTURIES. By *F. H. King.* Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.

CONTRACT BRIDGE. By *Florence Irwin.* Stokes. $1.

A LABORATORY STUDY IN DEMOCRACY. By *Earle D. Bruner.* Doubleday, Page. $2.50.

A DICTIONARY OF ENGLISH PRONUNCIATION WITH AMERICAN VARIANTS. By *H. E. Palmer, J. V. Martin,* and *F. G. Blandford.* Appleton.

FOSTER'S CONTRACT BRIDGE. By *R. F. Foster.* Greenberg. $1.

PRINCIPLES OF MODERN RADIO RECEIVING. By *L. Grant Hector.* Buffalo: Burton Publishing Co. $5.

THE AMERICAN INDIANS AND THEIR MUSIC. By *Frances Densmore.* Womans Press.

COMMERCIAL RAW MATERIALS. By *Charles R Toretaker.* Ginn. $2.

THE FORE-AND-AFT RIG IN AMERICA. By *E. P. Morris.* Yale University Press.

UNIVERSAL SCHOOL MUSIC SERIES PRIMER. By *Walter Damrosch, George H. Gartlan,* and *Karl W. Gehrkens.* Hinds, Hayden & Eldredge. 56 cents.

UNIVERSAL SCHOOL MUSIC SERIES. By *Walter Damrosch, George H. Gartlan,* and *Karl W. Gehrkens.* Hinds, Hayden & Eldridge. Book I, Book II. 72 cents; Book III, 80 cents; Book IV, $1.32.

THE UNIVERSAL SCHOOL MUSIC SERIES TEACHERS' BOOK. By *Walter Damrosch, George H. Gartlan,* and *Karl W. Gehrkens.* Book I, Books II-III.

SUPPLEMENTARY SIGHT-SEEING EXERCISES. By *Walter Damrosch, George H. Gartlan,* and *Karl W. Gehrkens.* Hinds, Hayden & Eldredge.

Pamphlets

ON THE STUDY OF POLITICS. By *Harold J. Laski.* Oxford University Press. 35 cents.

PROFESSOR SIR PAUL VINOGRADOFF. Oxford University Press. 35 cents.

THE WAR GUILT. New York: Steuben Magazine Corporation, 140 Cedar Street.

A TRIP TO CHINA. By *William H. Ukers.* New York: Tea & Coffee Trade Journal, 79 Wall Street. 25 cents.

Poetry

SILVER CLOTHES. By ANGELA MORGAN. Dodd, Mead. 1927. $2.

Angela Morgan feels and expresses her environment with a child's enthusiasm and a child's spontaneity. She writes as naturally and fully as grain grows or winds blow. Every reaction to beauty, every pleasurable thought is poured forth; but as is only natural in a garden where no culling or pruning ever takes place, much arises that is neither wheat nor flowers. And the most promising of the flowers lack cultivation. Sentimental and indifferent verses crowd out those which contain the substance of real poetry.

Miss Morgan's social consciousness is tremendous, and people appear to be the greatest source of her stimulation. The reader is also sensible of a generosity toward life, a deep gratitude for all it has given her, quite different from the cynical wistfulness of other poets. If Miss Morgan would only indulge in a more restrained technique. But she never will. We do, however, appreciate the enthusiasm and light she throws upon the dingy screen of commonplace things.

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CHINA

EXTRATERRITORIALITY
Its Rise and Its Decline
By Shih Shun Liu

"During these days when in this part of the world the abolitionists of extraterritoriality and its defenders are hurling against each other arguments pro and con, Dr. Liu's work is a particularly timely publication. It ought to be welcomed by all impartial and unprejudiced students of international affairs."—Liang Yueng-li, of *The Comprative Law School*, Shanghai, in *The China Weekly Review* (Sept. 25, 1926).

Paper. $3.75

THE FOREIGN TRADE OF CHINA
By Chong Su See

Published under the auspices of The China Society of America

China's commercial relations with the outside world are traced from the earliest period to the present time. The author points out the injustice and impracticability of the unequal treaties imposed upon China by the foreign powers. $5.75

THE ECONOMIC HISTORY OF CHINA
With Special Reference to Agriculture
By Mabel Ping-Hua Lee

While other great nations declined with the depletion of their soil, Chinese farmers with scientific agriculture have cultivated their lands for forty centuries and supported China's teeming millions.

$6.75

THE STATUS OF ALIENS IN CHINA
By V. K. Wellington Koo

Foreign Minister of the Peking Government

The Peking Government has served notice on the powers that all treaties will be abrogated as soon as they expire. This book, written while the author was a student at Columbia University, considers the status of aliens in China from the Chinese point of view.

Paper. $3.75

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS
New York

CHILDREN OF THE SUN. By JAMES RORTY. Macmillan. 1926. $1.75.

James Rorty has already made an appearance as a so-to-speak private poet by way of a pamphlet limited in size and circulation. But with "Children of the Sun" he makes his professional debut. It [illegible] a few exceptions where the [illegible] plays off-key, a striking exhibi[illegible] what the musical critic would call [illegible]d virtuosity. But let me take the metaphor out of the concert hall. James Rorty is no longer a poetic possibility. He is a poet; this book proves he is a distinctive one.

This is established at the outset by "Prelude: When We Dead Awaken." On the surface float scraps of Whitman, snatches of Robinson Jeffers, who, incidentally, owes much to Mr. Rorty's eager championing. But the undercurrents, the submerged tides carry a salt strength, a sweeping crescendo that is no one else's. This power increases as one reads. "What Michael Said to the Census Taker" lifts it full force; the title poem condenses it without minimizing it. Here, as an instance of Mr. Rorty's idiom and, incidentally, as an example of his control of an unusually extended line, is a fragment:

The Census Taker of the skies
By day, by night, in gray and sunny weather,
By moonlight and by starlight goes his rounds,
Counting "One!" for each apple that thumps on the ground in November—
Counting "Two!" for each year that flares and falls in the night.
Calling the roll of the creeping things under the sod, each answering shrilly in its turn;
Counting the waves of the sea, and the eyeless fishes under the sea, and the coral cells that strive and multiply in the depths.
Aeons of time for the counting—casual, scrupulous, unpressed,
See, where the Census Taker goes his rounds.

But it is as a satirist that Mr. Rorty compels the greatest attention. No one who has ever traveled west of Sioux City or has ever eaten a Sunkish orange will forget "San Francisco Ad Man" or the still more infectious "California Dissonance." It is a note that is not precisely "new;" Alfred Kreymborg has sounded it in his mordant "Advertisement." But James Rorty is not only more explicit but more exact; knowing at first hand how sweet the uses of advertising really are, he has translated into poetry the ironic and incongruous blatancies of the booster, the yes-man, the service-above-self deception, the loud-speaker on two legs casting its "measure of dust in the sun," reproving the pewee that cries "la, sol, me" in a discouragingly minor cadence, and assuring himself that

The warnings of right-thinking men
Will bring him to himself again.

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

A BALANCED RATION
DOOMSDAY. By *Warwick Deeping* (Knopf).
PALMERSTON. By *Philip Guedalla* (Putnams).
WE TIBETANS. By *Rin-Chen Lhamo* (Lippincott).

NO two ways about it, for quick action this department beats the world. In the issue of February 5 I asked some reader of the Guide to make a book out of real letters written to children by famous people. On February 6 I am reading the book; "A Book of Letters for Young People," by Stella C. Center and Lilian Saul (Century). Every famous letter to a child that I had read is here—some of them, like De Morgan's, in facsimile with drawings—and I find numbers of new ones, like Hugh Lofting's account of the Natural History Museum he organized in his mother's linen closet. The collection could be used as a school-book, and there is an end-chapter on the art of letter-writing with a good working bibliography, but just for pleasure the little book is well worth owning.

W. H. B., Chicago, gives every year a series of addresses on the religious messages of modern novels: he has used in the past "One Increasing Purpose," "The Great Hunger," and "The Enemy," and asks for suggestions from the new fiction. This reply will do also for M. L. B., Washington, D. C., who asks advice on the choice of a novel for discussion by a Sophomore group, one "in which the emphasis is not entirely upon the sexual life of the main characters."

RADCLYFFE HALL'S "Adam's Breed" (Doubleday, Page) has just won the Femina Prize as the best novel of the year suitable for translation into French—a much-coveted award and one that carries with it a quite unusual dignity and distinction. I don't see how a clergyman could read this book without wanting to talk about it: I've talked about it in public myself, and about Elizabeth Madox Roberts's beautiful "The Time of Man" (Viking). But let no one rush this book, nor speak about it without dedicating some time to brooding over it: it took ten years to write and should take at least ten days to read—ten weeks would be better. When the author describes how something looks or smells, give yourself a chance to stop and see or smell it: let her make your own toes feel the sensation of the soil. At least that is how it enlarged my own content in consciousness.

Anne Parrish's "Tomorrow Morning" (Harper) is another novel a teacher or preacher might use: they have all used Warwick Deeping's "Sorrell and Son" (Knopf) already, judging by reports; in a recent "Literary Vespers" Edgar W. Burrill used this with Galsworthy's "Silver Spoon" (Scribner), and Sylvia Thompson's "The Hounds of Spring" (Little, Brown). Struthers Burt's long and thoughtful look at American life in "The Delectable Mountains" (Scribner) is as well fitted for this purpose as "The Interpreter's House" (Scribner) which was taken into many a pulpit. I rather think, though, that this one won't get many pats from Philadelphia pulpits. As for Hugh Walpole's "Harmer John" (Doran) it is a parable complete.

"The Minister's Daughter," by Hildur Dixelius (Dutton), newly translated from the Swedish, has as good sermon-timber as "The Great Hunger." It is the life-story of a woman surrounded by types familiar to the reader of "Gösta Berling's Saga," a woman whose recuperation and serenity draws from a humbly but firmly held religious faith. There is the usual infanticide, which Hamsun, Bojer, and Nexö have accustomed us to consider as a sort of Scandinavian measles, but as this happens in 1807 the culprit is beheaded.

C. W., Kent, Conn., asks for a list of books that deal with the modern American Navy, and the name of an illustrated magazine published by the U. S. Navy and dealing with the same subject.

"THE Naval History of the World War," by Thomas G. Frothingham (Harvard University Press), has just reached, in its third volume, "The United States in the War;" this is not only a story of exploits, but a serious and important work of reference. There are several histories for the general reader; only one is actually in print, "A Short History of the American Navy," by Captain G. R. Clark and others (Lippincott), but the succinct and authoritative "History of the United States Navy," by J. R. Spears (Scribner), and W. O. Stevens's popular "Story of Our Navy" (Harper), though out of print are not hard to get. "The Navy as a Fighting Machine," by Rear-Admiral Bradley Fiske (Scribner), describes its organization, principles, and operation. "A History of the Transport Service," by Vice Admiral Albert Gleaves (Doran), tells adventures and exploits of our transports and cruisers in the World War, and "Soldiers of the Sea," by Willis Abbot (Dodd) presents the marines.

"Life at the U. S. Naval Academy," by Ralph Earle (Putnam), is a detailed account of how cadets are chosen, what they study, and how they live at Annapolis, with a historical sketch of the academy. "Annapolis: Its Colonial and Naval Story," by Walter Norris (Crowell), is more concerned with the colonial record: it is a good companion for a visitor to this rare old town. For younger readers there is Willis Allen's "Navy Blue: Cadet Life at Annapolis" (Dutton).

Many readers get naval history through biography: "A Sailor's Log," by Robley Evans (Appleton), has been popular since its appearance in 1901. "From Midshipman to Rear-Admiral," by Bradley Fiske, R.A. (Century), is a general favorite: boys read it as gladly as men do. "Memoirs of Thomas O. Selfridge, R.A." came from Putnam in 1924, and Gleaves's "The Life of an American Sailor" (Rear-Admiral Emory), from Doran in 1923. For younger readers there are several collective biographies: "Makers of Naval Tradition," by Alden and Earle, lately published by Ginn; W. O. Stevens's "Boyhood of Our Naval Heroes" (Harper), and Jessie Frothingham's "Sea-Fighters from Drake to Farragut" (Scribner), which as the name shows include British seamen. I cannot come so close to its subject without at least naming I. A. Callendar's recent and authoritative work on "The Naval Side of British History" (Little, Brown). The inquiry calls for fiction also, but I know of none in which the contemporary navy figures: Daniel Henderson's "Pirate Princes and Yankee Jacks" (Dutton) is in the days of Decatur.

Our Navy, an illustrated magazine now in its twentieth volume, is published semi-monthly at Washington, D. C., and costs 25 cents a number. The *U. S. Naval Institute Proceedings*, now in its 53d volume, is a technical monthly, also illustrated. In vol. 41, 1922, of this is an article on "Our rich but neglected old naval historical literature."

G. L., Brooklyn, N. Y., relays to me from a German publisher a call for the name of any or all novels written in English in which a stenographer, a poor girl, marries her employer. He thinks it would be a good idea to translate one for his home trade.

"I'LL just send him a half-dozen titles by mail," thought I in the airy manner I use when I think I know more than I do," and then get together a real list for print. There must be a lot of those Cinderella stories floating about. The end of three days finds me asking where they are afloat. Every time one bobs up in my memory, by the time I have it by the hair something shows it is all wrong and down it has to go. In L. Allen Harker's "Hilda Ware" (Holt) a secretary marries her novelist-employer, but she must first pry him loose from a quite satisfactory wife, and when he finds himself married to anyone else he dies of shock. Now this would be nothing to look forward to as a reward for turning out neat copy. And anyway, this stenographer's strong point was inspiration: her dictation is admitted to have been slow. Frank Swinnerton's "Coquette" (Doran) and Arnold Bennett's "Lilian" (Doran) marry their employers, but look how they act; oh, look, look at what happens to Mr. Swinnerton's young lady in the last chapter. The girl in Viola Paradise's "The Pacer" (Dutton)—and a novel worth reading this is, too—works in a pickle-factory and marries the owner, but she is not a stenographer, and the girl in Sinclair Lewis's "The Job" (Harcourt, Brace) is a stenographer and marries, but she doesn't marry the boss; and when she remarries she takes the man into her business—unless I have quite forgotten that admirable office romance she does not even take him into the firm. Edna Ferber's Emma McChesney married one of the firm, but she traveled for them. The only American story that now looks likely to me is a serial that ran forever in the New York *Evening Journal*, called "Gilded Kisses;" there were two sisters, both stenographers, and though when I sailed last April the chances that the good one would really land her employer seemed pretty slim, I infer from the general tone of the work that she did so some time during the summer.

It worries me that I cannot fill this bill. Is stenography no longer regarded by fiction-writers as a road to the altar? Or—dreadful thought—is matrimony no longer regarded by them as a reward? Does it just happen that there are no more such novels, or is it a system?

R. A. A., Morgantown, W. Va., asks for anthologies for students who wish to get a connected view of current and recent American poetry. He has "New Voices" and Miss Wilkinson's smaller volume, "The New Poetry," by Monroe and Henderson, and Untermeyer's collections of various sizes, and prefers a collection with more poetry than comment.

THE choice in "Poems for Youth," edited by William Rose Benét (Dutton), is made with unusual felicity, and such comment as there is is inspiring and especially fitted to the alert mind approaching twenty. There is a new collection from Mr. Untermeyer, meant to fit in between "Modern British and American Poetry" and the children's book, "This Singing World;" it is just out, and is appropriately called "Yesterday and Today: A Comparative Anthology" (Harcourt, Brace). This includes British and American poets; the first section is from poets born in the first half of the nineteenth century, the second from those born since 1850. I am well over nineteen, the age-limit suggested—though not imposed—on the title-page, but I can get plenty of pasturage in these Elysian fields.

D. *W., Boston,* suggests that the inquirer for books on present-day Turkish women would be interested in Demetra Vaka's "The Unveiled Ladies of Stamboul," and says that even though her "Haremlik" and "A Child of the Orient" are not up to the minute, their picture of the changing status of Turkish women gives them more than passing interest.

E. E. C., N. Y., recommends from use in the field Georges Cain's "Walks in Paris" (Macmillan) as the best Paris book except Lucas's. "Georges Cain was the curator of the Carnavalet Museum, which means that he knows Paris from the viewpoint from which I want to know it. This aspect would not interest those Americans whose Paris is a triangle bounded by the Ritz bar, the cabarets on Montmartre, and the shops on the rue de Rivoli. But such people do not write to your column." On the chance some mere vacationist might get a look at it over the shoulder of a gifted subscriber, he is hereby informed that Holt will soon publish a guide called "How to Be Happy in Paris Without Being Ruined," by John Chancellor; the ruin meant seems to be, from the description, financial. Anyway, it will give prices as well as information.

E. P., Vandergrift, Pa., asks for suggestions on writing a club paper on "Intelligent Women and Their Leisure."

READ Loraine Pruette's "Women and Leisure: a Study of Social Waste" (Dutton), and see if it does not afford material for a season of papers. Of if you prefer a historical treatment, read Emily James Putnam's "The Lady" (Putnams), and see what a perfect lady has been according to the standards of society from the Greeks to the present day. Loraine Pruette's book will bounce a reader about a bit; thus prepared, she might not find Thorstein Veblen's famous "Theory of the Leisure Class" (Huebsch) such rough going.

THE publishers of "Picturesque America," as the title of this book has now been shortened to read, ask me to say that the price is now ten dollars, the original *de luxe* edition, lately mentioned here, now being out of print.

An intimate contemporary account of the private and public life of the Italian Renaissance will be issued in an English edition for the first time during the spring under the title "A Florentine Diary from 1450 to 1516," by Luca Landucci. The diary, which is now nearly ready for publication, with its continuation by an anonymous writer till 1542, describes, ahong other things, the erection of numerous buildings now famous, and refers to many historic figures. The translation is by Alice de Rosen Jervis.

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JOHN GARTH was married successful, prosperous, but dissatisfied with his life. He wanted to start over again at Zero.

ZERO

By Collinson Owen

is John Garth's dramatic, unusual story when a curious prank of Fate permits him to begin life anew under a new identity. A book you'll hear about this spring.

$2.00 DODD, MEAD

Locke's New Book

STORIES NEAR and FAR

By William J. Locke
Author of "Perella," etc.

A group of novelettes in one volume, revealing Locke's humor, whimsicality and clever narrative skill.

$2.00 DODD, MEAD

for the truth about China . . .

read this clear, comprehensive and authoritative book in which a keen-minded observer analyzes China's past, present and future.

Henry Morgenthau, *former ambassador to Turkey:*

Mr. Morley shows wonderful powers of penetration . . . clearly analyzes the status of the countries which will play so large a part in our future international problems.

Dr. W. W. Willoughby, *formerly Constitutional adviser to the Chinese Government:*

I know of no work dealing with the Far East which within an equal compass gives more information.

Grover Clark, Editor, *the Peking Leader:*

Much the best brief presentation of the Far Eastern situation of which I know.

Hon. Setsuzo Hawada, *Counsellor of the Japanese Embassy:*

I feel sure it will help the reading public gain a better understanding of Far Eastern affairs.

Dr. Ping Wen Kuo, *Director of the Chinese Institute in America:*

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The Phoenix Nest

THE collected satires of *Lord Alfred Douglas* have come to us from the Fortune Press in London. The edition consists of five hundred and fifty copies. "If satire is to exist at all," says Douglas, "it must be savage, fierce, bitter and, perhaps also, even occasionally unfair," but he contends that he "wrote all these poems either in sheer self-defense against cruel and malignant attacks on myself, or as the result of genuine moral indignation." Lord Alfred can certainly wield the weapon of satire. He can toss off such allusions as "Strabismic Strachey's Spectatorial squint." He can wield the scourge in a sonnet. In fact, he qualifies immediately as one of the ferocious sonneteers we are striving to stir up; and we therefore quote the following in substantiation of that claim:

TO A CERTAIN JUDGE

Master of dubious arts, the sophist's cloak
Rests all too aptly on your cynic mind.
Justice we know is never quite so blind,
Under her hood-winked eyes, as simple folk
Simply suppose. A deft judicial spoke
Thrust in her wheel, a crooked push behind,
Invisibly bestowed, are, in their kind,
Cantrips that cozen jury-fogging smoke.

England expects, when ministerial boots
Accite subservience to the lingual task,
Vigor and zeal. Your ludship's verbal grace
Outshines the varnish that your tongue salutes.
Red-robed automaton, behind your mask
You hide (too obviously) a leering face.

We are in receipt of *Overtures*, combining *The Greenwich Village Quill* and edited by *Henry Harrison*. It leads off with a eulogy of the editor by *Ralph Cheyney*, and a description of the new kind of magazine Harrison intends to edit. It will be a combination of the old *Quill* and a modern poetry magazine. *Nellie Reback* in an article, delves interestingly into the past of Greenwich Village, from the time of *Admiral Warren* and his daughters onward. We learn that Barrow Street was first called Reason Street as a tribute to *Thomas Paine*. *Richard Harding Davis* wrote his New York stories in Waverly Place. In the home of *Bayard Taylor* on Eighth Street *Paul de Chaillu* wrote "Ivan the Viking." Miss Reback sums up the present Village as "the result of evolution from about 1670 till 1915, revolution from 1915 till 1920, and devolution to the present day." Nevertheless, the Village still remains interesting to us, and despite certain freakish manifestations a thorough investigation of its inhabitants would reveal a surprising number of genuine artists who have achieved durable reputations. . . .

The Youth's Companion launched before New Year's a fiction contest for the purpose of bringing out new and young authors and helping them to find their place. This is part of its hundredth anniversary program. Boy and girl authors between the ages of fifteen and twenty are eligible to enter, and for the best short story, written in English, five hundred dollars will be awarded, with second and third awards of two hundred and one hundred dollars. The contest opened last December 30th and will run until April 15th. For rules of the contest, write to the Secretary, Junior Fiction Contest, *The Youth's Companion*, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass. . . .

Macy-Masius of two fifty Park Avenue are about to send to press a collection of American Esoterica, a volume of sophisticated pieces to be published handsomely and with dignity. The late *George Sterling*, *John Cournos*, *Orrick Johns*, *John Russell*, *Clement Wood*, *Dana Burnet*, and *Djuna Barnes* are some of the contributors. . . .

Albert Brecknock is the latest to have written a biography of the poet *Byron*. The book is published by Appleton. It is said that some new facts have been discovered and brought to light in this volume. We wonder what they are? . . .

L. W. Darrah, of Ellwood City, Pa., sends us a poem and says he can do one even more ferocious, if we wish. But unfortunately it is not a sonnet, though it starts off flamingly as follows:

Is there love in hell,
Do the demons ever kiss,
Or does Satan sound some awful knell
To interrupt such bliss?

Last Saturday was the birthday of *Charles Darwin* as well as of *Lincoln*. The great evolutionist was born in 1809. Appleton first published Darwin's works in America. . . .

William Ellery Leonard pays us the compliment of writing to say:

It was, they say, a Phœnician that introduced the alphabet into the Western World, and you are his worthy descendant in introducing some of the higher products of that alphabet to a still more western world.

To try to live up to that, we specially call your attention to the publication by Doran of *'T. E. Lawrence's'* "Revolt in the Desert," though we have spoken of this before. It is a book that will cause a great deal of discussion, and a book in which one of the most mysterious and daring adventurers of our day proves that he can write in the most distinguished fashion. We hear that ten copies of "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom," of which "Revolt in the Desert" is a briefer version, are for sale in this country for $20,000 apiece. No, that isn't a misprint. They are the only ten in existence or that will ever be printed. Here's what Lawrence himself has to say about the abridgment, which is "Revolt in the Desert." It was brought out to raise money to pay the artists of the original richly produced edition. "It amounts to less than half of the original text (which occupied the reading hours of my friends for months), but half a calamity is better than a whole one, and this fairly represents all sides of the story." He goes on:

If I am asked why I have abridged an unsatisfactory book, instead of recasting it as a history, I must plead that to do so nice a job in the barracks which have been my home since 1922 would need a degree of concentration amounting in an airman to moroseness; and an interest in the subject which was exhausted long ago in the actual experience of it.

This astonishing man is now a private in the British Air Service (instead of Emperor of India). His name always appears in quotes. His is the greatest adventure story of modern times. . . .

This week *The Saturday Review* is privileged in printing a portion of *Edna St. Vincent Millay's* opera, "The King's Henchman," music by *Deems Taylor*, which opened on Thursday night at the Metropolitan. We urge all and sundry to buy the full book, published by Harper & Brothers, as we have read it through and think it most extraordinary. We would comment on the opera itself as witnessed, save that, owing to the necessity of dashing off our column almost a week in advance, we have not witnessed it yet. . . .

LECTORI SALUTEM!

Die XXI° mensis Februarii anno MCMXXVII° CCL post Benedictum de Spinoza defunctu manni elapsi sunt.

Piae Benedicti de Spinoza memoriae dies ille ut consecretur, Societas Spinoza sibi proposuit.

Hunc ad diem philosophiæ cultores omnes Hagam convocat. Quo in congressu Leo Brunschvicg Parisiensis / Johannes Hermannus Carp Haganus / Carolus Gebhardt Francofurtensis / Adolphus Ravà Patavinus / necnon Anglicanus vir doctus quidam sermone patrio disserent de Benedicto de Spinoza ejusque apud sæculum nostrum auctoritate.

Ut sæcularis hujus diei commemoratio apud posteritatem vigeat, domum in via vulgo dicta Paviljoensgracht, in qua Benedictus de Spinoza sex per annos vixit et in qua CCL ante annos Ethicam suam absolvit, conservare studiisque Spinozanis consecrare Societas Spinozana statuit.

Ad diem illum celebrandum domumque Spinozanam inaugurandam Societatis Spinozanae Curatorium Hagam Comitis ex animo vos vocat.

Commemoratio solemnis fiet in ædificio quod dicunt de Ridderzaal* die XXI° mensis Februarii hora VIII[a] post meridiem, Domus Spinozanæ inauguratio die XXII° hora X[a] ante meridiem.

Curatorium Societatis Spinozanæ: Leo Brunschvicg / Johannes Hermannus Carp / Carolus Gebhardt / Haroldus Höffding / Fredericus Pollock. . . .

Anne Parrish has sailed for a trip through the Panama Canal and a cruise around South America; she will return the first of April. *Francis Brett Young's* new novel, "Love Is Enough," in two volumes, will be published March 18th, more than a month earlier than previously announced. Mr. Young is on a lecture tour here, having recently visited Chicago. *Richard Connell*, whose first novel, "The Mad Lover," is just out, lately returned with his wife, *Louise Fox Connell*, to whom the book is dedicated, from a visit in Bermuda. . . .

About two years ago *Booth Tarkington* dropped his work in the middle of winter and played in the sunshine of Africa and Sicily during the early Spring, climbing the Berber trails over which he was later to take his Tinker, Lawrence Ogle, and Madame Momoro of "The Plutocrat." . . .

And as for us, just at present we ourselves are yearning to fly to some tropic clime and bask on sun-bright sand. . . .

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The World of Rare Books

By Frederick M. Hopkins

THE GOODYEAR SALE

AMERICAN and English historical and literary autograph letters, documents, and manuscripts of A. C. Goodyear, of Buffalo, N. Y., comprising 355 lots, was sold at the Anderson Galleries, in two sessions, February 1 and 2, bringing the handsome price of $155,708. This was one of the most important autograph sales ever held in this country, and dealers and collectors alike took a keen interest in it. Bidding was very lively throughout both sessions and extraordinary prices were realized.

The highest price for the historical autographs was paid for a fragment of two quarto pages of a speech by Abraham Lincoln on "Slavery and Equality" delivered in Cincinnati, September 17, 1859. This was bought by Dr. Rosenbach who paid $4,700 for it. The star lot among the literary material was thirty-four letters written by Thackeray to a Miss Perry and her sister, dear friends of Mrs. Brookfield, which also went to Dr. Rosenbach for $15,000. To these two sisters Thackeray poured out the story of his love for Mrs. Brookfield and when the break came, he gave unreserved expression to his bitterness and sorrow. Perhaps nowhere else in English literature can there be found such a quick succession of humor and melancholy, storm and calm, eagerness and despair as appears in this correspondence. The lot was well worth the price.

Other interesting and valuable lots and the prices realized were the following:

Carroll (Charles, of Carrolton, Signer). A.L.S., 3 pp., 4to, Philadelphia, June 14, 1776. Written a few weeks before signing the Declaration, while on the Board of War. $1,500.

Hewes (Joseph, Signer). A.L.S., 2 pp, 4to, Edenton, October 7, 1775. In regard to the preparation for war, $1,900.

Lee (Richard Henry, Signer). A.L.S., folio, Philadelphia, June 2, 1776. [illegible]icent letter congratulating Lan[illegible]er on the Virginia resolve, and [illegible]of a Declaration of Independence, [illegible].

McKean (Thomas, Signer). A.L.S., 2 pp., 4to, Philadelphia, May 20, 1776. Written but a few weeks before signing the Declaration while he was preparing his troops to march to the aid of Washington, $1,800.

Rodney (Caesar, Signer). A.L.S., 3 pp., 4to, Philadelphia, July 10, 1776. Written a week after the signing of the Declaration on methods of combating Tory activities, $2,800.

Sherman (Roger, Signer). A.L.S., 3 pp., folio, Philadelphia, January 19, 1776. In reference to the unhappy controversy tending to "weaken the Union of the Colonies at the present alarming rate," $1,800.

Smith (James, Signer). L.S., 1 p., folio, York, January 7, 1776. Signed as Committee of Correspondence. $1,700.

Lincoln (Abraham). A.L.S., 3 pp., 8vo, Springfield, June 19, 1860. A spirited letter to the publishers of his biography for the announcement that the volume was authorized. $2,900.

Lincoln, L. S., 5 pp., 4to, Washington, September 22, 1861. Strongly disapproving of Gen. Fremont's proclamation of confiscation and emancipation. $1,350.

Grant (U. S.), A.L.S., 2 pp., 8vo, Nashville, February 20, 1864. A letter to his father declaring that he was not "a candidate for any office." $850.

Washington (Martha). A.L.S., 4 pp., 4to, Mount Vernon, December 22, 1777. Written to her brother while Washington was at Valley Forge. $1,075.

Bronte (Charlotte). Original manuscript, signed Currer Bell, 6 pp., 12mo, N. p., n. d., bound in levant by Reviere. Manuscript of the preface of the second edition of "Jane Eyre." $5,800.

Keats (John). A.L.S., 4 pp., 4to, Hampstead, June 4, 1818. A long, interesting, and unpublished letter. $5,500.

Lamb (Charles). Lamb's Common Place Book, containing 77 pages, with extracts from Andrew Marvell, John Weever, Wordsworth, Cowper, Surrey, Nash, and others. Small oblong 4to, bound in morocco. $6,900.

Scott (Sir Walter). Original manuscripts of "Notes on Boswell, Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides with Samuel Johnson," 28 pp., 4to, and Additional Notes on Boswell's Tour," 3 pp., bound in levant by Wallis. $1,350.

Thackeray (W. M.). Thirty-one A.L.S., to Mrs. Brookfield, 5 to Mr. Brookfield, and 6 from Mrs. Brookfield. An interesting portion of the Thackeray-Brookfield correspondence. $14,500.

FORTHCOMING SALES.

ON February 22 a collection of 300 lots, mainly commemorative of George Washington and the American Revolution, printed and in manuscript, will be sold by Charles F. Heartman, at Metuchen, N. J. This is an important sale of historical material comprising broadsides, autograph letters and documents, pamphlets and books. The wide range of material is very fully described in a catalogue just issued.

On February 21, 22 and 23, illuminated and other manuscripts, autograph letters and historical documents, comprising the property of Horatio Brown, formerly of Venice, and selections from the collections of other consignors, will be sold at Sotheby's in London. This sale contains much rare and valuable material, such as first editions of Symonds with presentation inscription and annotations; publications of the Kelmscott Press including the Chaucer; presentation copies of the writings of Lewis Carroll; the first edition of Gray's "Elegy;" extremely rare views of the City of Philadelphia; etchings by Rembrandt; incunabula and early English literature; autograph letters of Lord Nelson; original manuscripts of George Gissing; and a third portion of the Melville Papers, including items of American and Canadian interest, an important series of Indian papers, and documents relating to naval affairs and to Scotland.

"ON DURABLE RAG PAPER"

THE New York *Times* on January 1 began to print daily a limited number of copies of its regular edition on durable rag paper to be used exclusively for the regular bound files to be supplied libraries and other archives. This is the first time that the *Times* has been printed on rag paper since the Civil War, and it is the only newspaper in the country to print a supply for binding and preservation. The need for this new departure is apparent. The bulk of even the 1914-18 newspaper accounts of the World War has already yellowed and aged so badly in the files that complete disintegration and disappearance are only a question of a few years more. Only emergency measures taken in some far-seeing quarters have preserved some of the newspapers containing the day-by-day record of the war. But though these editions printed on wood paper in ten or twelve years are all but scraps, journals and gazettes of the Revolutionary War period, printed on good rag paper 150 years ago, are in a good state of preservation and will remain so for many years to come. The action taken by *The Times*, although of the greatest importance to those who are interested in its preservation for reference, has received very little comment or publicity.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

THE latest addition to the books designed by Bruce-Rogers is John Drinkwater's "Persephone," published by William E. Rudge in an edition of 550 copies, 50 of which are signed by the author.

Plans have been completed to commemorate the 250th anniversary of Spinoza's death on February 21 by a meeting at The Hague which will be addressed by leading thinkers from different parts of the world. A committee has been formed with the object of purchasing the house in the Paviloonsgracht in which Spinoza spent his last years. The forthcoming meeting will probably be held in this house.

The copy for the next part of Sabin's "Dictionary of Books Relating to America" has been turned over by Wilberforce Eames to the authorities of the New York Public Library for printing. It consists of ninety-six pages, devoted principally to editions of the works of Captain John Smith. American book collectors, librarians and dealers have always regretted the suspension of this valuable bibliographical work in 1892, when it had been brought by Mr. Eames from "Pennsylvania" to "Smith." Mr. Eames resumed this work in 1906 through a grant of the Carnegie Institution of Washington for clerical aid. But it was not until 1924 that the completion of the great work was assured by the coöperation of the American Library Association.

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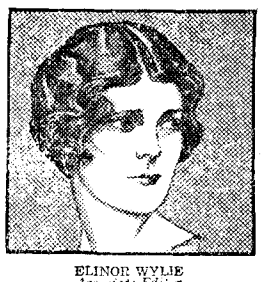

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BURTON RASCOE
Burton Rascoe was for several years Editor of the Book Department of The New York Herald Tribune.

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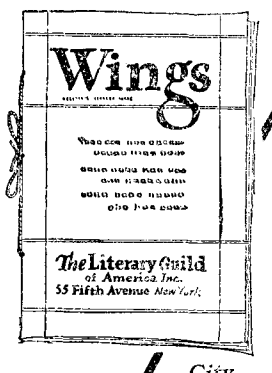

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